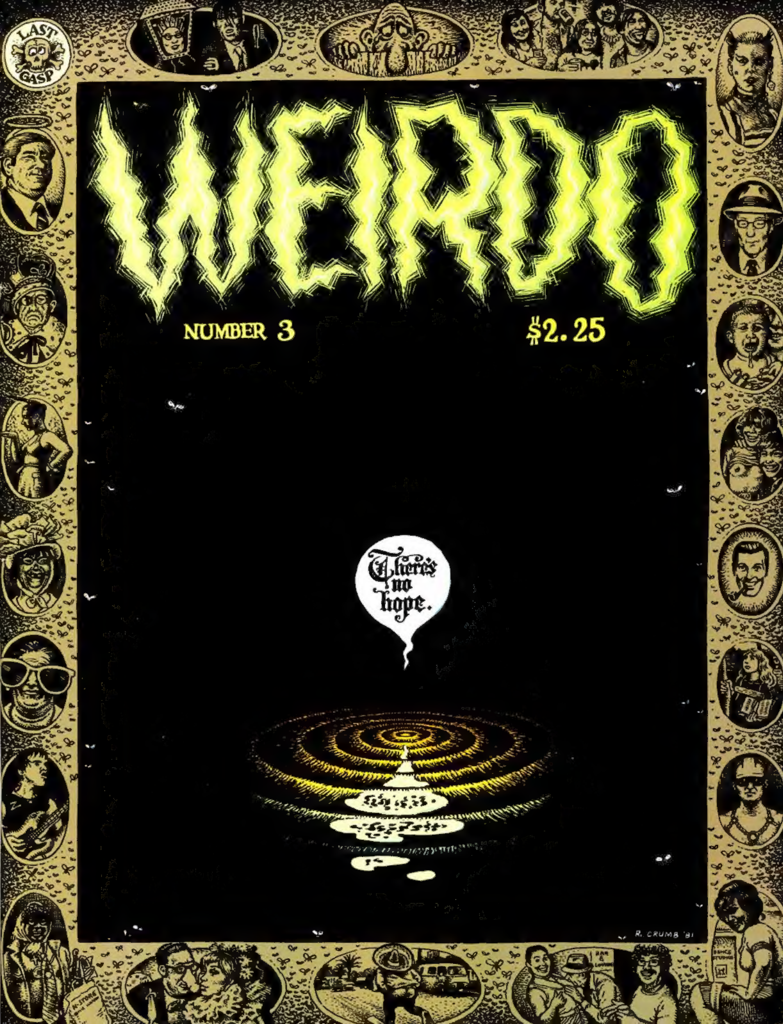
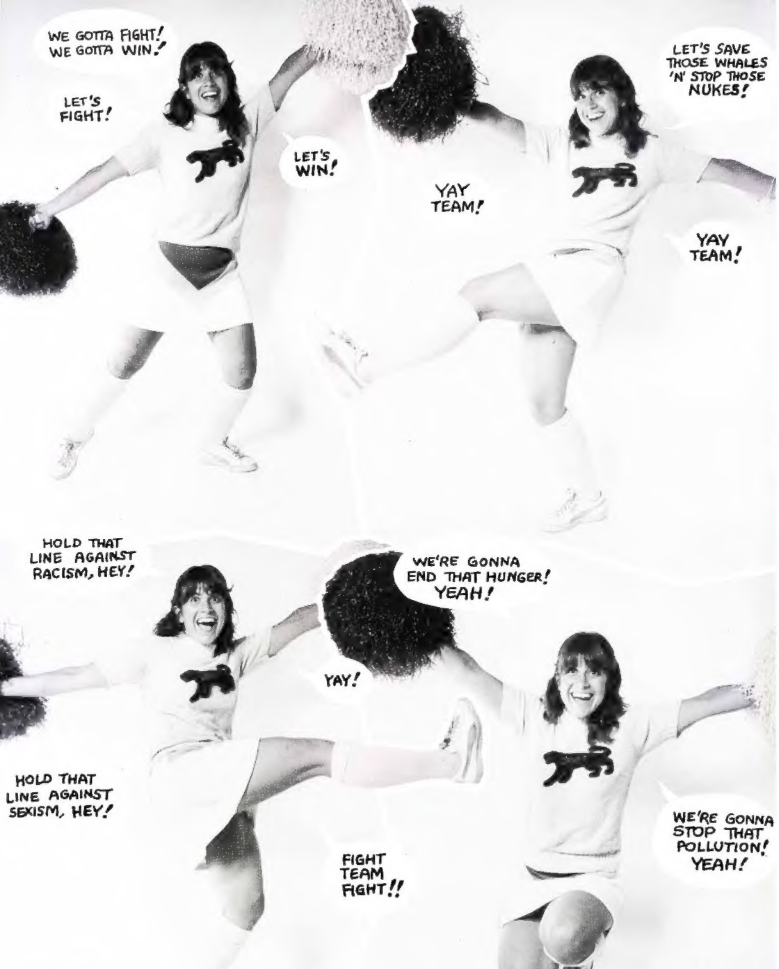

LAST GASP
WEIRDO
NUMBER 3
$2.25
There's no hope.
R. CRUMB '81


WE GOTTA FIGHT! WE GOTTA WIN!
LET'S FIGHT!
LET'S WIN!
LET'S SAVE THOSE WHALES 'N' STOP THOSE NUKES!
YAY TEAM!
YAY TEAM!
HOLD THAT LINE AGAINST RACISM, HEY!
WE'RE GONNA END THAT HUNGER! YEAH!
YAY!
HOLD THAT LINE AGAINST SEXISM, HEY!
FIGHT TEAM FIGHT!!
WE'RE GONNA STOP THAT POLLUTION! YEAH!

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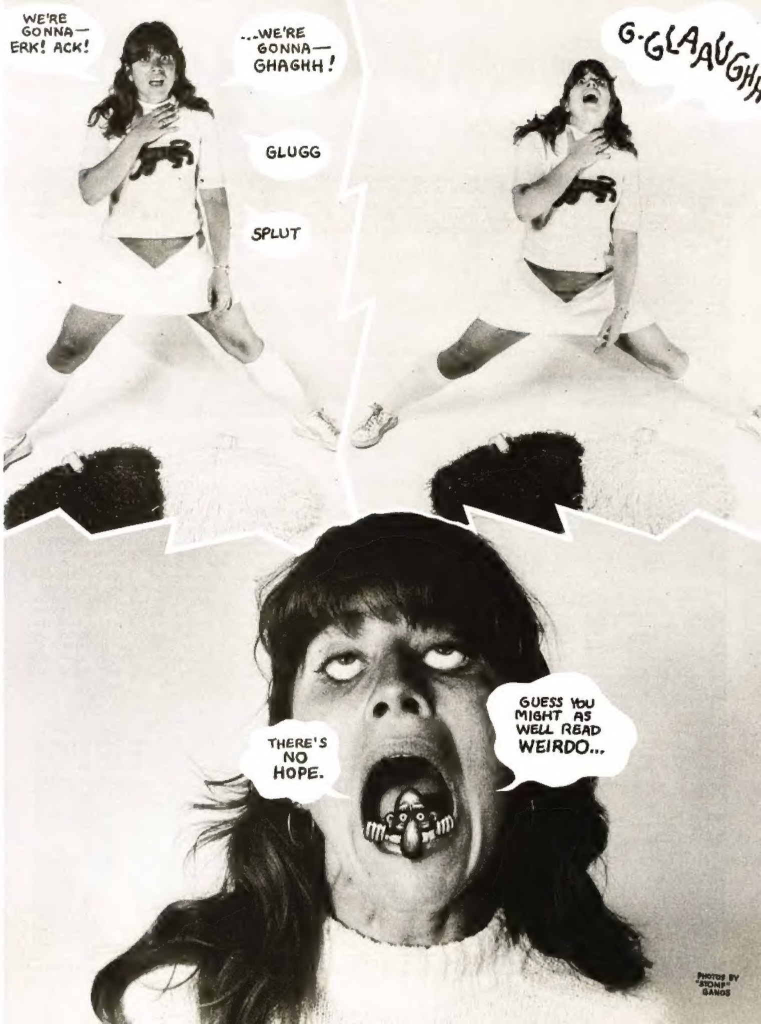
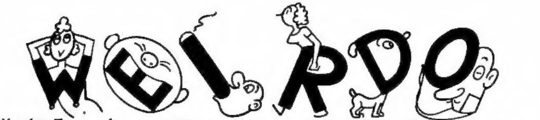

WE'RE GONNA— ERK! ACK!
...WE'RE GONNA— GHAGHH!
GLUGG
SPLUT
G-GLAAUGHH
THERE'S NO HOPE.
GUESS YOU MIGHT AS WELL READ WEIRDO...
PHOTOS BY "STOMP" GANOS



Number 3 "....a walk on the weird side...." Fall, 1981

♡ WEIRDO'S ♡ Advice to the Lovelorn

BY PROF. T.E. ZWIGOFF
— B.A. PSYCHOLOGY —

DEAR PROF. —

I AM A HIGHLY ESTEEMED GOURMET, PAID HANDSOMELY TO WRITE RESTAURANT REVIEWS FOR A PROMINENT MAGAZINE (WHICH I SHALL LEAVE UNNAMED).

MY SEXUAL ORGASMS ARE BRIEF MASTURBATORY AFFAIRS THAT CAN BE ACHIEVED ONLY AFTER I REACH HOME FOLLOWING AN EXQUISITE REPAST. HENCE MY PROBLEM—THERE ARE SIMPLY NO RESPECTABLY GOOD EATING ESTABLISHMENTS LEFT THESE DAYS.

YESTERDAY MY TENNIS PARTNER AND I DINED AT AN INSULT OF A LITTLE FRENCH BISTRO WHERE IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE THE PEDIGREE OF THE WINES FROM THE SKETCHY LISTING PRINTED ON THE BACK OF THE MENU. FURTHERMORE, THE EMINCE OF VEAL WITH CHANTERELLES WAS OVERLY DOMINATED BY A CLOYINGLY SWEET SAUCE, AND THE TRUFFLED SWEETBREADS OF GROUSE WERE UNDERCOOKED, AND LACKED FRAGRANCE. MEMORIES OF SUCH A DISSAPPOINTING MEAL HARDLY LED TO ANY SEXUAL GRATIFICATION LATER AT HOME. THIS UNFORTUNATELY SEEMS TO BE THE PATTERN OF LATE; A DISSAPPOINTING AND UNSUCCESSFUL SEARCH FOR AN EXCELLENT MEAL FOLLOWED BY A CHASTE EVENING AT HOME. CAN YOU OFFER ANY ADVICE?

—STARVED FOR LOVE

DEAR STARVED:

YOUR NEUROTIC AND JADED PALATE HAS OBVIOUSLY HAD ITS OWN WAY FOR QUITE A WHILE. I RECOMMEND AN END TO THIS PAMPERING, AND A COMPLETE "RESHUFFLING OF THE DECK," SO TO SPEAK. CHUNG KING'S NEW ENTREE OF BROWN SOUP CHOW FUN(TM) SHOULD BE A SIMPLE YET EFFECTIVE CHANGE OF PACE. DON'T FORGET TO ADD THE OPTIONAL "FLAVOR POUCH" OF MSG. STEWART SANDWICHES ALSO CONVENIENTLY MARKETS THEIR WONDERFUL MICRO-WAVE "POOR BOYS" IN MOST CORNER BARS OR GAS STATION VENDING MACHINES. GET THE PICTURE? SEVERAL WEEKS OF MORE DOWN-TO-EARTH EATING OUGHT TO GET THINGS BACK TO NORMAL FOR YOU.

DEAR PROF. ZWIGOFF —

MY BOYFRIEND HARLAN (NOT HIS REAL NAME) AND I HAVE BEEN GOING TOGETHER FOR THREE MONTHS NOW. WHEN WE FIRST STARTED GOING OUT AND ALL, HE WAS REALLY, YOU KNOW, NICE AND ALL AND TOOK ME NICE PLACES AND EVERYTHING. BUT LATELY IT'S MOSTLY LIKE HE'LL JUST COME OVER TO MY PLACE, GO THRU THE REFRIGERATOR FOR AWHILE, AND THEN WANT TO, YOU KNOW, "DO IT." AND WHAT'S REALLY **GROSS** IS THAT NOW HE'S BEEN BRINGING OVER THESE FILTHY DIRTY MAGAZINES AND OPENS THEM UP AND PUTS THEM RIGHT OVER MY FACE WHILE HE'S LAYING ON TOP OF ME AND WE'RE "DOING IT," WHILE HE'S PAGING THRU THESE!

I DON'T WANT THOSE GROSS, DIRTY THINGS ON MY FACE. I'VE GOT A NICE FACE AND A BITCHIN' BOD TOO, SO THERE'S NO REASON FOR HIM TO DO THAT, IS THERE? HE SAYS I'M JUST A PRUDE.

— MS. GROSSED OUT

DEAR MS. GROSSED:

YOUR BOYFRIEND DOES INDEED SOUND LIKE THE VILEST, MOST INCONSIDERATE SCUM. THERE'S NOTHING PRUDISH ABOUT DEMANDING THAT HE USE UNSOILED, CLEAN COPIES OF THE MAGAZINES HE BRINGS OVER. WHY SHOULD YOU ALLOW ANY GERM-LADEN SUBSTANCE TO BE PUT ON YOUR TIDY LITTLE FACE?

ADDRESS ALL LOVELORN LETTERS TO:
PROF. T.E. ZWIGOFF
290 MULLEN AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
94110

THE RESPONSE TO THE FIRST TWO ISSUES OF "WEIRDO" HAS BEEN OVERWHELMING, AS THE LETTERS WILL TESTIFY:

What is this Weirdo garbage? To me you have sold out to the bureaucracy of comics...

Wayne Gibson
Seattle, Wash.

...over-priced piece of shit....

Larry Windham
Tucson, Arizona

...negative, negative, negative...

Harvey Kurtzman
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

...boring...

Jane Lynch
Chicago, Ill.

....ugly...

Catherine Yronwode
Willow Springs, Mo.

...not the greatest book around...

Brad Johnson
Boston, Mass.

GUESS I'M ALL WASHED UP IN THIS COMIC BUSINESS. MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE UP OIL PAINTING, OR FLOWER ARRANGING.—*Editor*

The way R. Crumb, Editor, feels about the Republicans, I feel about the Democrat Liberal Pinko Red MARXIST conspiracy. After all, they've run the country for almost fifty years and brought us to our present pass! I think you would be much happier as a reactionary conservative. Give the thought some consideration.

Congratulations for your satisfying new magazine!

Alfred Bergdoll
New York, N.Y.

Your cartoons aint bad (but you gotta loosen up and get sleazy) but the photos are fucked! What's this cowgirl crap and brat bullshit (there you go acting out your fantasies again)? I got funnier shit comin' out my butt.

Love,
Karla Kact
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Weirdo #2 is better than the first. I'm so excited about the Bunch being pregnate (sic). I guess it proves that you're not "burned out", eh Bob?

Sincerely,
Skunk
Hayward, Califo.

I just picked up a Weirdo—I mean your new magazine. I like it. Cover's great, graphics great, and that guy Szukalski is INCREDIBLE! I really think Weirdo is the BEST THING you've done—better than those U.G. comix, etc. Just fantastic!!

If you can keep this up—I won't believe it. Even if you don't, I like it! I like it!

John Holmstrom
New York, N.Y.

P.S. I mean it!

NOW THERE'S A GUY WITH GOOD TASTE!—*Ed.*

I'm so glad you've made yer address available to the underground cartoon public, because I've been reading yer comix since I were 12 (so what?) I'm 22 now.

The only real criticism I have is that there is rarely mention or use of birth control in the sex scenes. I know birth control is a drag, but having been through the mill twice, I think you should consider incorporating its use in yer characters' love making, in a positive way. This goes for yer artist peers as well.

Love,
Annie Elf (Magical creature of earth & light)
Vancouver, Canada

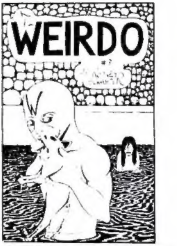
I really enjoyed the magazine... I do have one small complaint, though, and that's the title... I like the title, but then, I like it as the title of Rodney Schroeter's self-published comics, too. I doubt that you know of Rodney's work, and I'm certain that you didn't mean to "steal" his title. ...but since this HAS happened, I feel it might be nice of you to take a look at Rodney's work, and perhaps consider publishing some of it in your magazine... or, at least acknowledging the fact that there is a 'zine called "The Weirdo" and that it's worth looking at.

Terry Beatty
Muscatine, Iowa

THE OTHER WEIRDO! →

Drawn and Published by:
Rodney Schroeter
Box 1027
Belcourt, North Dakota
—58316
3 or 4 issues out.

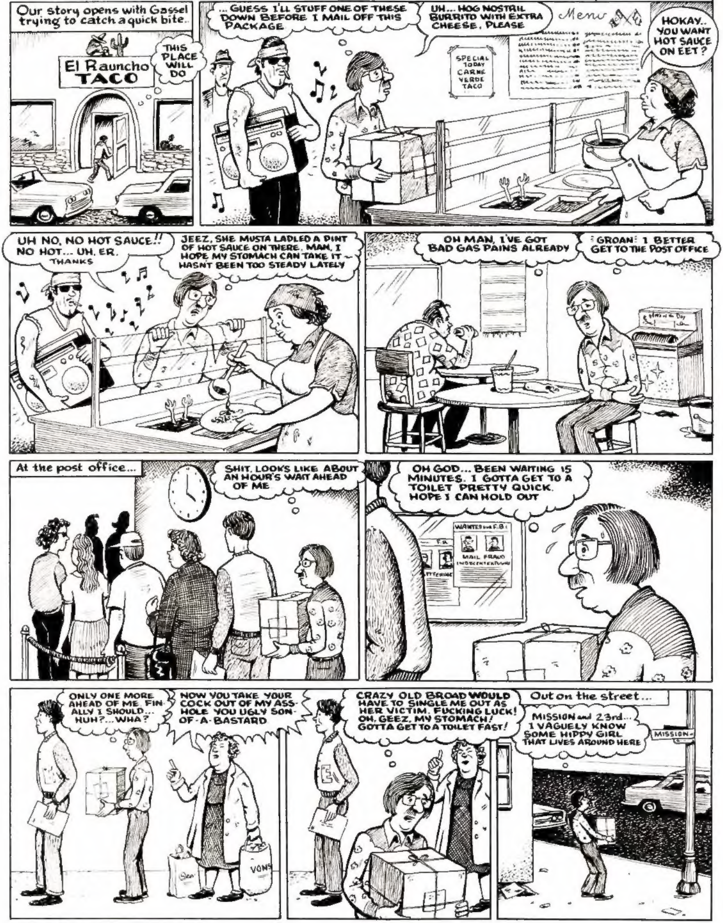
GLENN BRAY SENT ME COPIES WHILE MY WEIRDO #1 WAS IN THE WORKS. 'S INTERESTING COMICS. SORT OF A YOUNG, 1980s CHESTER GOULD. GOOD ART, WEIRD STORIES.

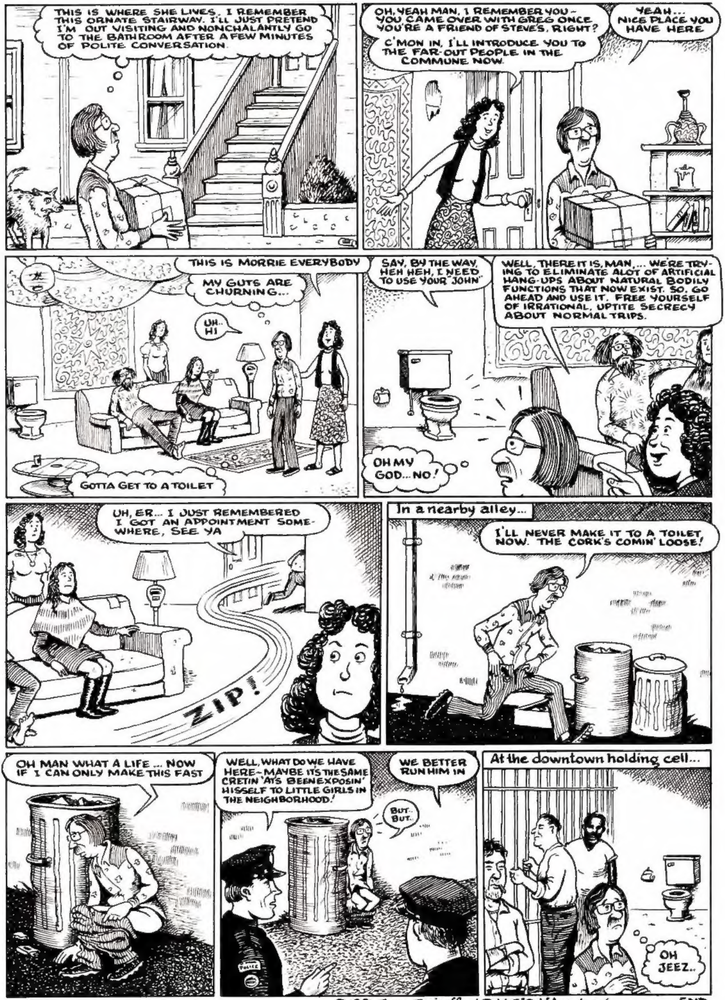


WEIRDO NUMBER 3, FALL, 1981, IS PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, 94704. FOR ADDITIONAL COPIES, SEND $2.75 EACH. SEND LETTERS OF COMMENT AND CRITICISM TO R. CRUMB, P.O. BOX 533, WINTERS, CALIFORNIA 95694. ©1981 BY R. CRUMB

Troubles with Gassel

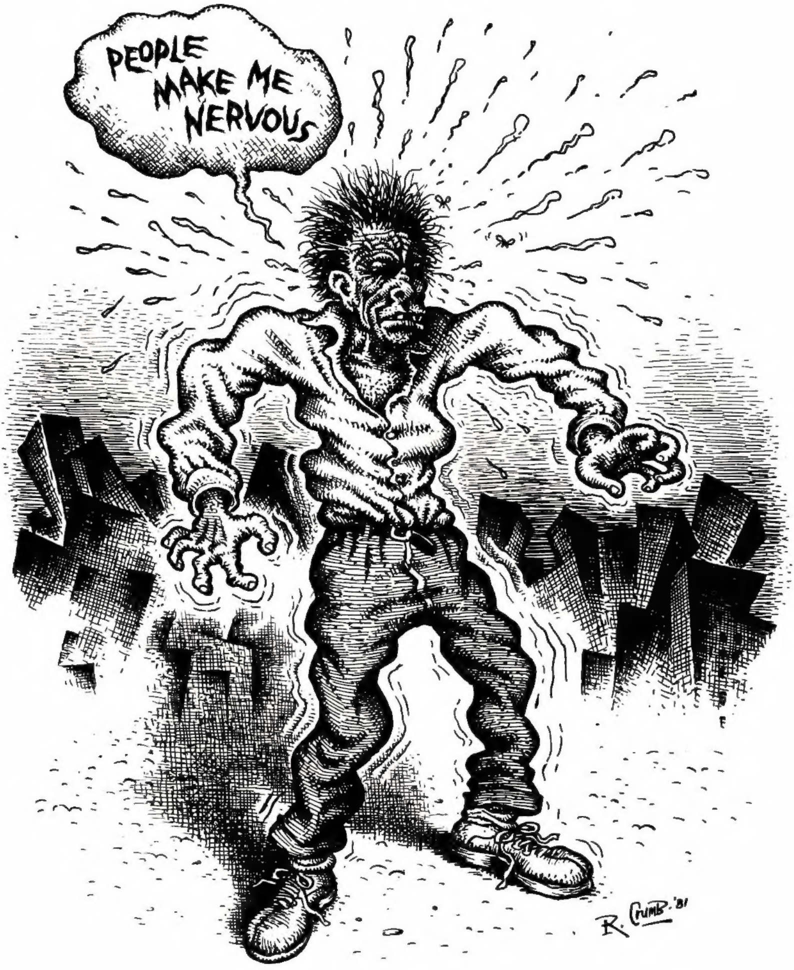
Morrie Gassel

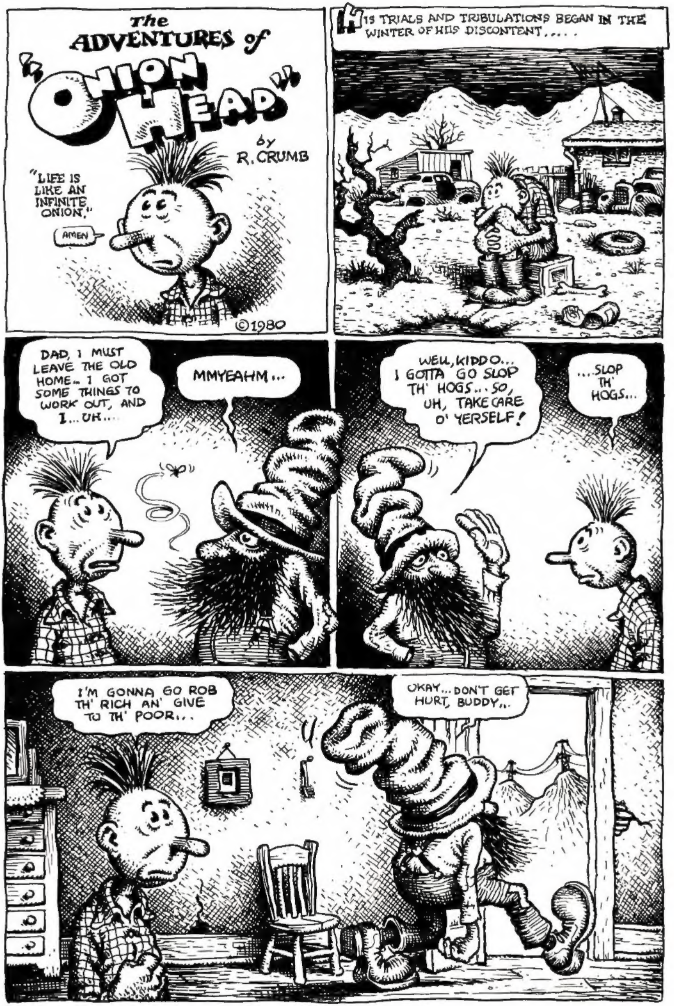

Our story opens with Gassel trying to catch a quick bite..
El Rauncho TACO
THIS PLACE WILL DO
... GUESS I'LL STUFF ONE OF THESE DOWN BEFORE I MAIL OFF THIS PACKAGE
UH... HOG NOSTRIL BURRITO WITH EXTRA CHEESE, PLEASE
Menu
SPECIAL TODAY CARNE VERDE TACO
HOKAY.. YOU WANT HOT SAUCE ON EET?
UH NO, NO HOT SAUCE!! NO HOT... UH, ER, THANKS
JEEZ, SHE MUSTA LADLED A PINT OF HOT SAUCE ON THERE. MAN, I HOPE MY STOMACH CAN TAKE IT ~ HASN'T BEEN TOO STEADY LATELY
OH MAN, I'VE GOT BAD GAS PAINS ALREADY
:GROAN: I BETTER GET TO THE POST OFFICE
At the post office...
SHIT, LOOKS LIKE ABOUT AN HOUR'S WAIT AHEAD OF ME
OH GOD... BEEN WAITING 15 MINUTES. I GOTTA GET TO A TOILET PRETTY QUICK. HOPE I CAN HOLD OUT
WANTED by F.B.I.
MAIL FRAUD
ONLY ONE MORE AHEAD OF ME. FINALLY I SHOULD... HUH?...WHA?
NOW YOU TAKE YOUR COCK OUT OF MY ASSHOLE YOU UGLY SON-OF-A-BASTARD
VONS
CRAZY OLD BROAD WOULD HAVE TO SINGLE ME OUT AS HER VICTIM. FUCKING LUCK! OH, GEEZ, MY STOMACH! GOTTA GET TO A TOILET FAST!
Out on the street...
MISSION and 23rd... I VAGUELY KNOW SOME HIPPY GIRL THAT LIVES AROUND HERE
MISSION

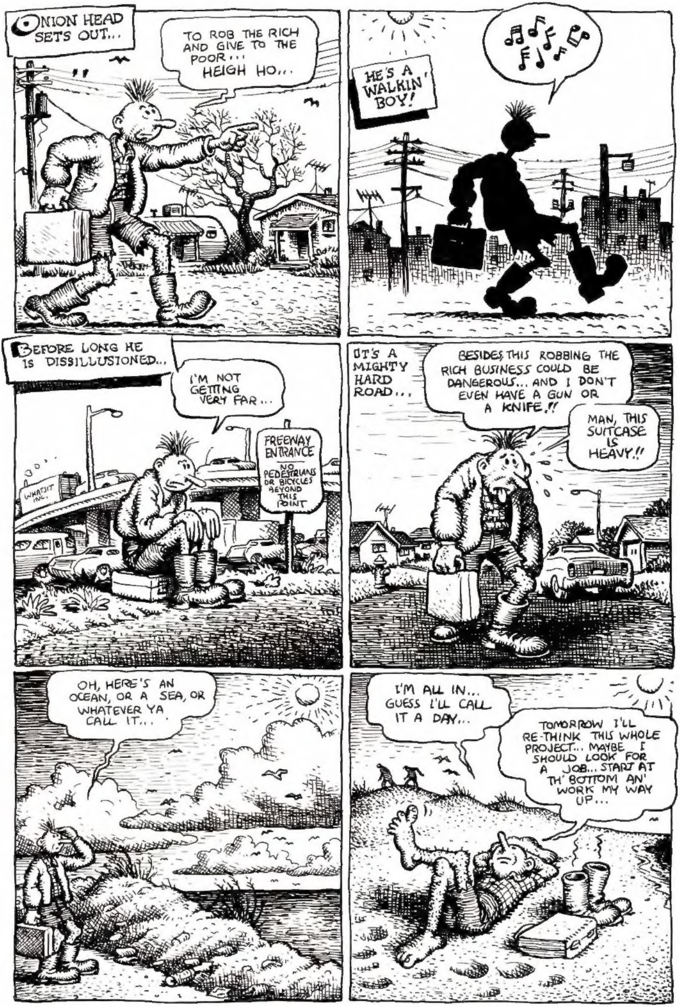

THIS IS WHERE SHE LIVES. I REMEMBER THIS ORNATE STAIRWAY. I'LL JUST PRETEND I'M OUT VISITING AND NONCHALANTLY GO TO THE BATHROOM AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF POLITE CONVERSATION.
OH, YEAH MAN, I REMEMBER YOU - YOU CAME OVER WITH GREG ONCE. YOU'RE A FRIEND OF STEVE'S, RIGHT?
YEAH... NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE
C'MON IN, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FAR-OUT PEOPLE IN THE COMMUNE NOW.
THIS IS MORRIE EVERYBODY
MY GUTS ARE CHURNING...
UH.. HI
GOTTA GET TO A TOILET
SAY, BY THE WAY, HEH HEH, I NEED TO USE YOUR "JOHN"
WELL, THERE IT IS, MAN, ... WE'RE TRYING TO ELIMINATE ALOT OF ARTIFICIAL HANG-UPS ABOUT NATURAL BODILY FUNCTIONS THAT NOW EXIST. SO, GO AHEAD AND USE IT. FREE YOURSELF OF IRRATIONAL, UPTITE SECRECY ABOUT NORMAL TRIPS.
OH MY GOD... NO!
UH, ER... I JUST REMEMBERED I GOT AN APPOINTMENT SOMEWHERE, SEE YA
ZIP!
In a nearby alley...
I'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO A TOILET, NOW. THE CORK'S COMIN' LOOSE!
OH MAN WHAT A LIFE ... NOW IF I CAN ONLY MAKE THIS FAST
WELL, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE- MAYBE IT'S THE SAME CRETIN 'ATS BEEN EXPOSIN' HISSELF TO LITTLE GIRLS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!
WE BETTER RUN HIM IN
BUT.. BUT..
POLICE
At the downtown holding cell...
OH JEEZ..

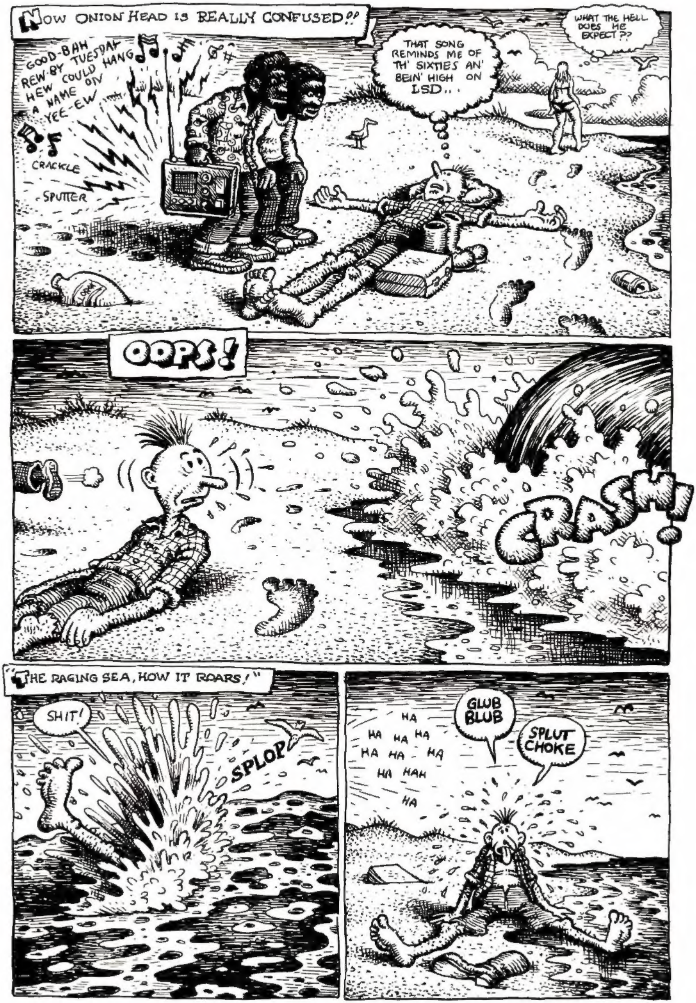
© 1981 Terry Zwigoff and Robt. E. "Bob" Armstrong

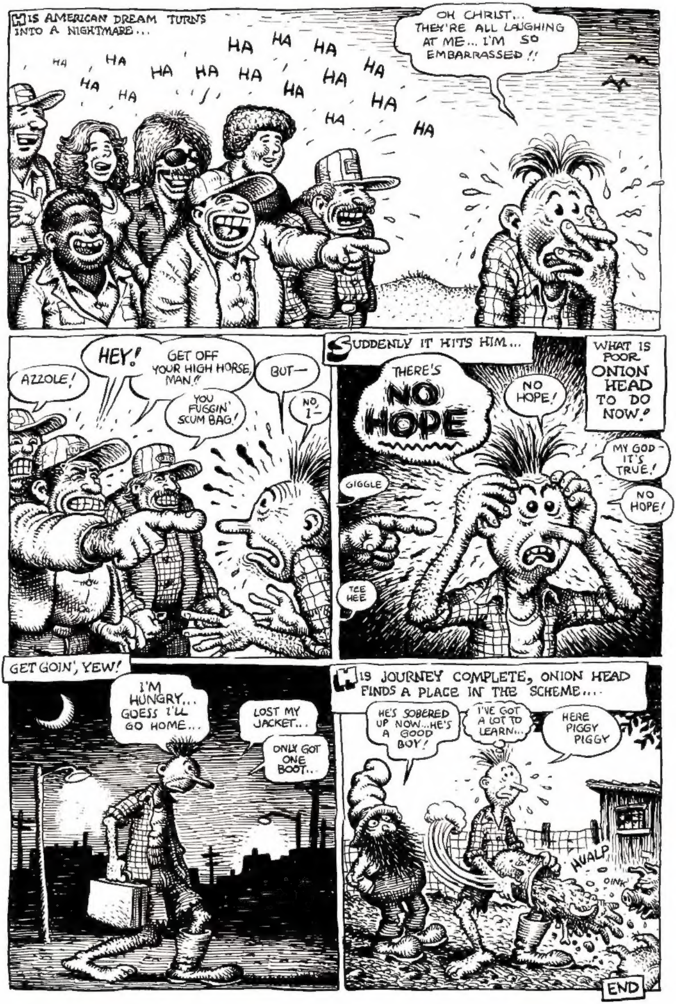
END


PEOPLE MAKE ME NERVOUS
R. CRUMB '81


The ADVENTURES of "ONION HEAD"
by R. CRUMB
"LIFE IS LIKE AN INFINITE ONION."
AMEN
©1980
HIS TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS BEGAN IN THE WINTER OF HIS DISCONTENT.....
DAD, I MUST LEAVE THE OLD HOME.. I GOT SOME THINGS TO WORK OUT, AND I... UH...
MMYEAHM...
WELL, KIDDO... I GOTTA GO SLOP TH' HOGS... SO, UH, TAKE CARE O' YERSELF!
...SLOP TH' HOGS...
I'M GONNA GO ROB TH' RICH AN' GIVE TO TH' POOR...
OKAY... DON'T GET HURT, BUDDY...


ONION HEAD SETS OUT...
TO ROB THE RICH AND GIVE TO THE POOR... HEIGH HO...
HE'S A WALKIN' BOY!
BEFORE LONG HE IS DISSILLUSIONED...
I'M NOT GETTING VERY FAR...
WHATSIT INC.
FREEWAY ENTRANCE
NO PEDESTRIANS OR BICYCLES BEYOND THIS POINT
IT'S A MIGHTY HARD ROAD...
BESIDES, THIS ROBBING THE RICH BUSINESS COULD BE DANGEROUS... AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE A GUN OR A KNIFE!!
MAN, THIS SUITCASE IS HEAVY!!
OH, HERE'S AN OCEAN, OR A SEA, OR WHATEVER YA CALL IT...
I'M ALL IN... GUESS I'LL CALL IT A DAY...
TOMORROW I'LL RE-THINK THIS WHOLE PROJECT... MAYBE I SHOULD LOOK FOR A JOB... START AT TH' BOTTOM AN' WORK MY WAY UP...

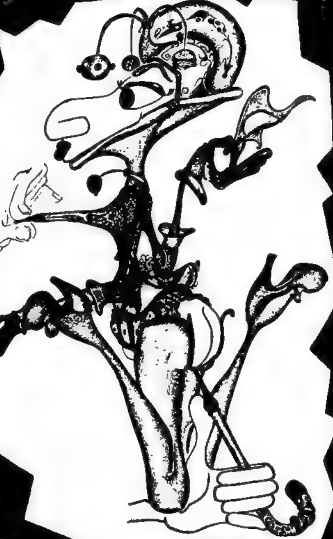

NOW ONION HEAD IS REALLY CONFUSED!!
GOOD-BAH REW-BY TUESDAY HEW COULD HANG A NAME ON YEE-EW
CRACKLE
SPUTTER
THAT SONG REMINDS ME OF TH' SIXTIES AN' BEIN' HIGH ON LSD..
WHAT THE HELL DOES HE EXPECT??
OOPS!
CRASH!
"THE RAGING SEA, HOW IT ROARS!"
SHIT!
SPLOP
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAH HA
GLUB BLUB
SPLUT CHOKE

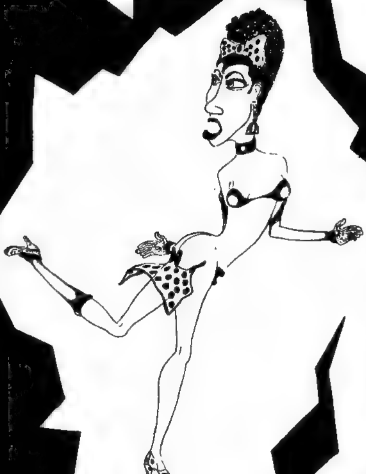

HIS AMERICAN DREAM TURNS INTO A NIGHTMARE...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
OH CHRIST... THEY'RE ALL LAUGHING AT ME... I'M SO EMBARRASSED!!
AZZOLE!
HEY!
GET OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE, MAN!
YOU FUGGIN' SCUM BAG!
BUT—
NO, I—
SUDDENLY IT HITS HIM...
WHAT IS POOR ONION HEAD TO DO NOW?
THERE'S NO HOPE
NO HOPE!
MY GOD - IT'S TRUE!
GIGGLE
NO HOPE!
TEE HEE
GET GOIN', YEW!
I'M HUNGRY... GUESS I'LL GO HOME...
LOST MY JACKET...
ONLY GOT ONE BOOT...
HIS JOURNEY COMPLETE, ONION HEAD FINDS A PLACE IN THE SCHEME...
HE'S SOBERED UP NOW... HE'S A GOOD BOY!
I'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN...
HERE PIGGY PIGGY
HUALP
OINK
END

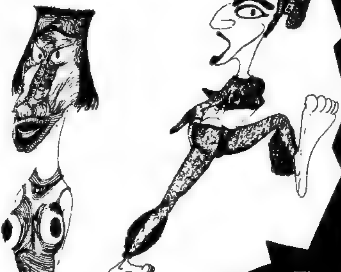
CRAZY RELATIVES DEPT.

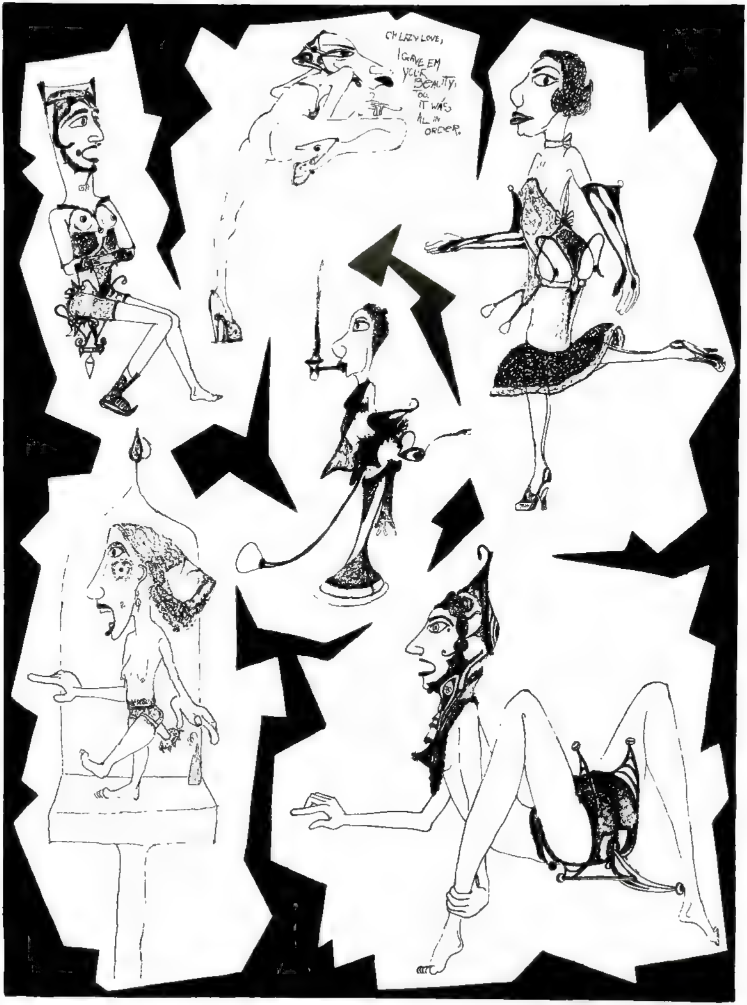
—AND THEY DON'T COME MUCH CRAZIER THAN THE CRUMB FAMILY! THESE DRAWINGS WERE DONE BY MAX CRUMB AROUND 1973-'74, ALMOST ALL IN BLUE BALL-POINT PEN. HE WAS TAKING LSD AT THE TIME, AND SUDDENLY BEGAN DOING THESE DRAWINGS. HE'D NEVER BEEN ABLE TO DRAW BEFORE IN HIS LIFE. HE MORE OR LESS GAVE UP DRAWING FOR WRITING A FEW YEARS AFTER THIS PERIOD, AND NOW LIVES IN A HOTEL ON 6TH STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO. HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS DAYS SITTING IN THE LOTUS POSITION ON DOWNTOWN STREETCORNERS WITH A BEGGAR'S BOWL IN FRONT OF HIM, MEDITATING TO THE PASSING CROWDS. AS FOR WHAT THESE DRAWINGS ARE ABOUT, WHAT THEY MEAN, LET ME KNOW IF YOU FIND OUT!!

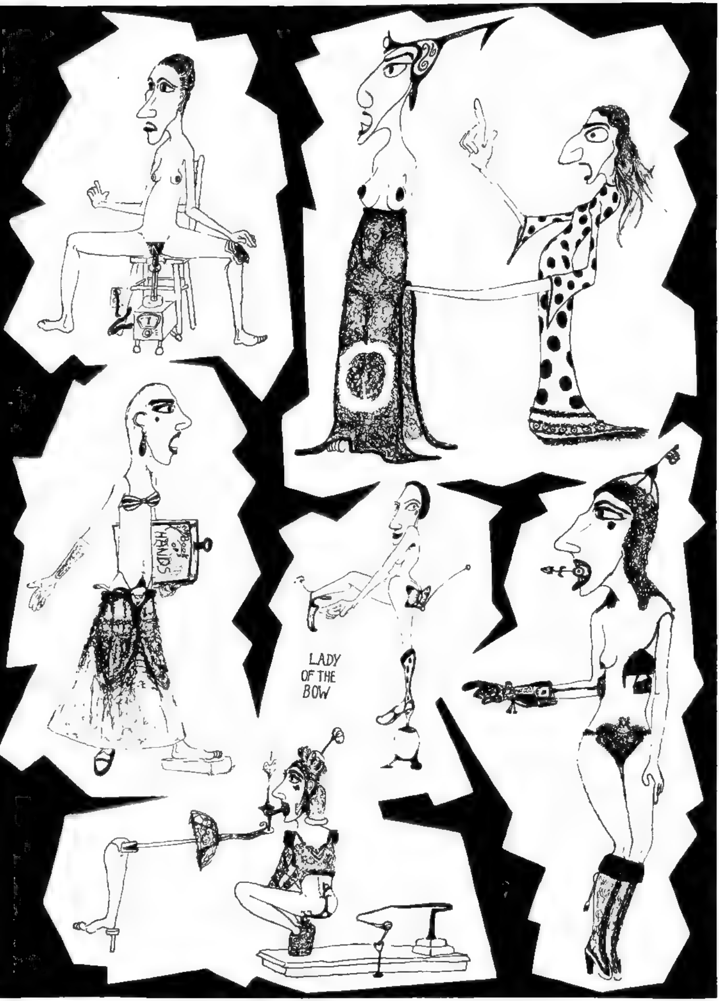
DRAWINGS BY MAX CRUMB

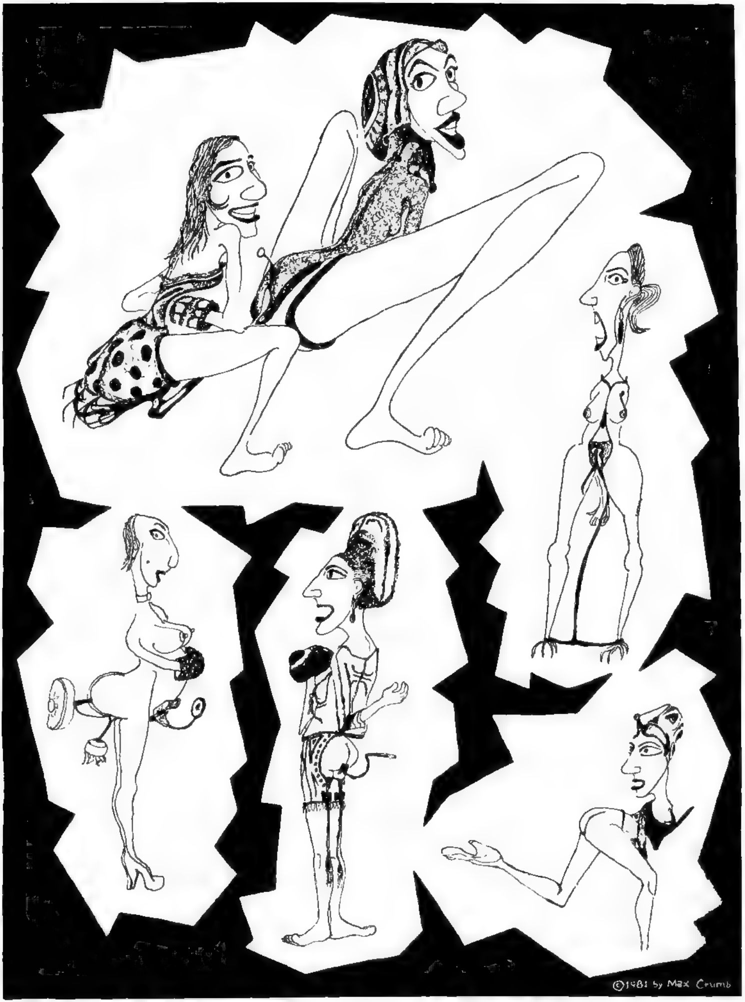




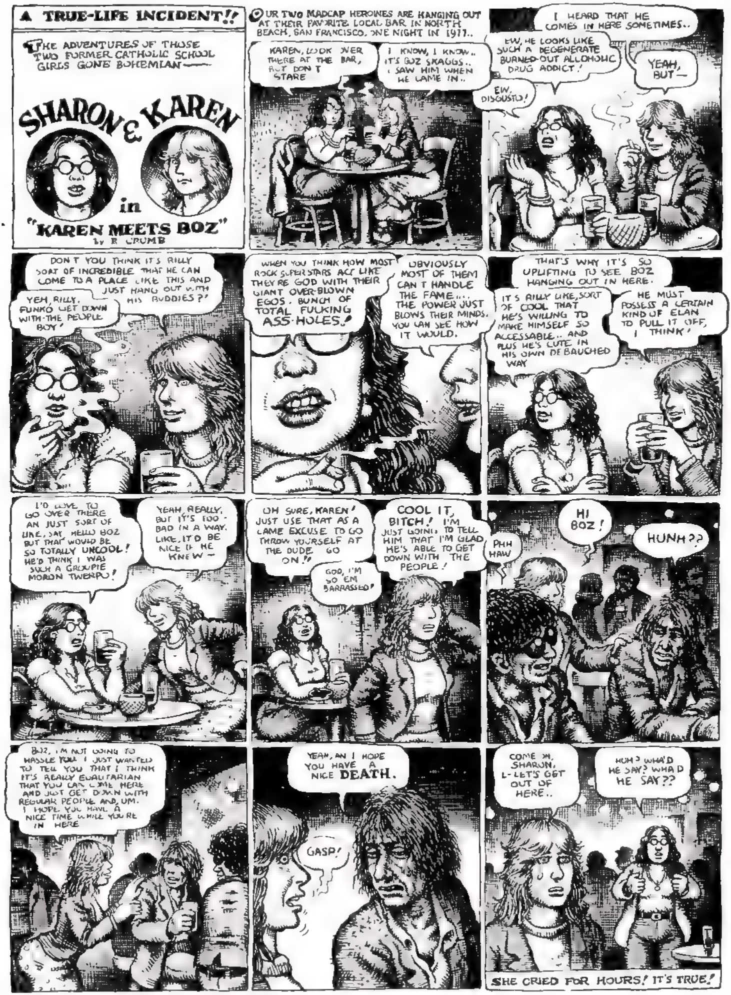


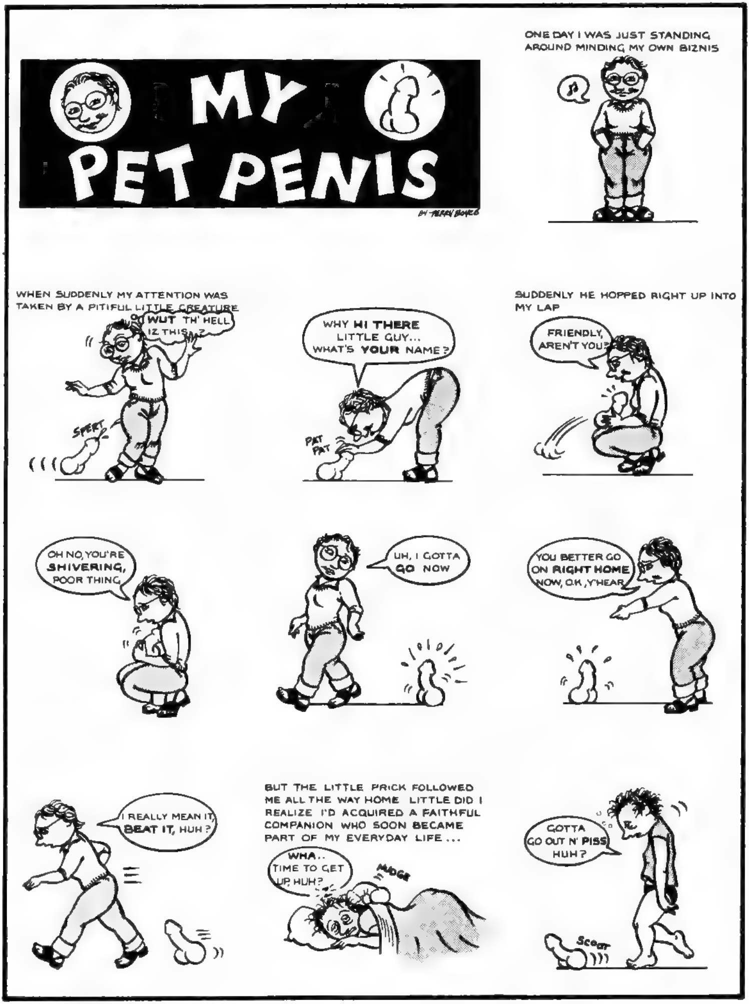

OH LAZY LOVE,
I GAVE EM YOUR BEAUTY, TOO. IT WAS AL IN ORDER.

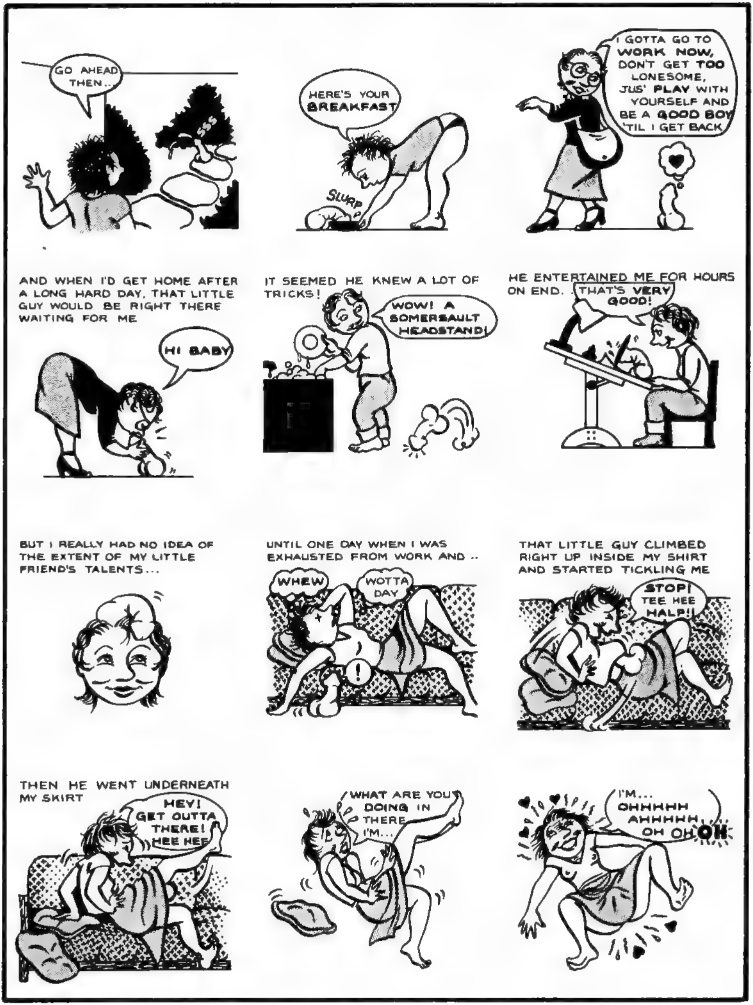

Book of HANDS
LADY OF THE BOW

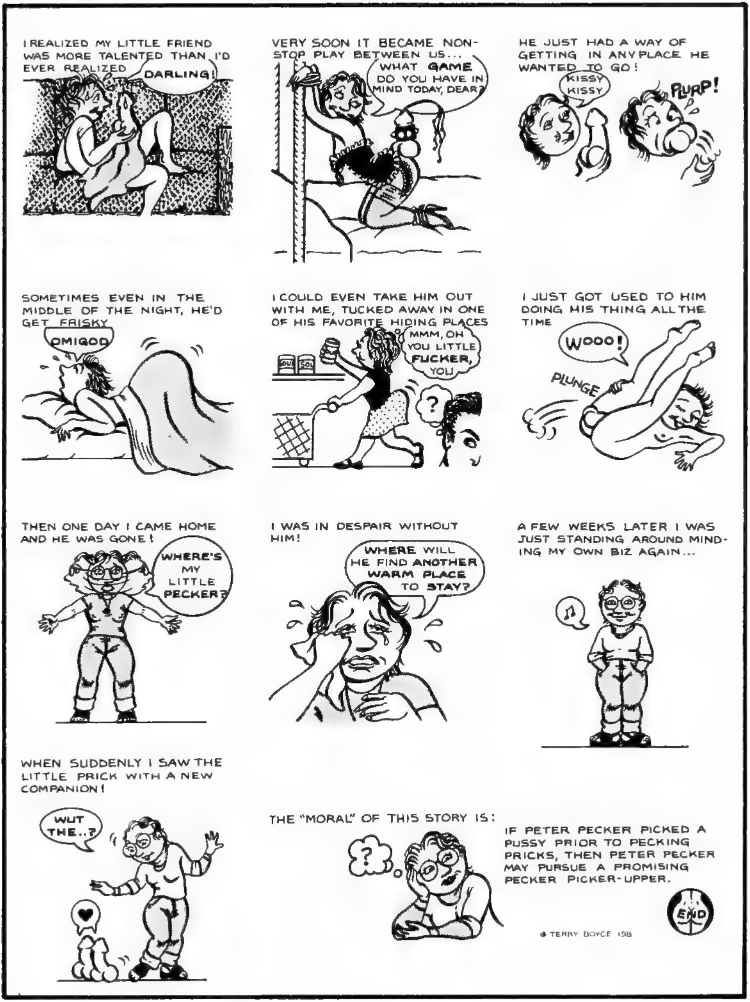


©1981 by Max Crumb


A TRUE-LIFE INCIDENT!!
THE ADVENTURES OF THOSE TWO FORMER CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRLS GONE BOHEMIAN——
SHARON & KAREN
in
"KAREN MEETS BOZ"
by R. CRUMB
OUR TWO MADCAP HEROINES ARE HANGING OUT AT THEIR FAVORITE LOCAL BAR IN NORTH BEACH, SAN FRANCISCO, ONE NIGHT IN 1977..
KAREN, LOOK OVER THERE AT THE BAR, BUT DON'T STARE
I KNOW, I KNOW.. IT'S BOZ SKAGGS.. I SAW HIM WHEN HE CAME IN..
I HEARD THAT HE COMES IN HERE SOMETIMES..
EW, HE LOOKS LIKE SUCH A DEGENERATE BURNED-OUT ALCOHOLIC DRUG ADDICT!
EW, DISGUSTO!
YEAH, BUT—
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S RILLY SORT OF INCREDIBLE THAT HE CAN COME TO A PLACE LIKE THIS AND JUST HANG OUT WITH HIS BUDDIES?!
YEH, RILLY, FUNKO GET DOWN WITH THE PEOPLE BOY!
WHEN YOU THINK HOW MOST ROCK SUPERSTARS ACT LIKE THEY'RE GOD WITH THEIR GIANT OVER-BLOWN EGOS. BUNCH OF TOTAL FUCKING ASS-HOLES!
OBVIOUSLY MOST OF THEM CAN'T HANDLE THE FAME.... THE POWER JUST BLOWS THEIR MINDS. YOU CAN SEE HOW IT WOULD.
THAT'S WHY IT'S SO UPLIFTING TO SEE BOZ HANGING OUT IN HERE.
IT'S RILLY LIKE, SORT OF COOL THAT HE'S WILLING TO MAKE HIMSELF SO ACCESSABLE.. AND PLUS HE'S CUTE IN HIS OWN DEBAUCHED WAY
HE MUST POSSESS A CERTAIN KIND OF ELAN TO PULL IT OFF, I THINK!
I'D LOVE TO GO OVER THERE AN JUST SORT OF LIKE, SAY HELLO BOZ BUT THAT WOULD BE SO TOTALLY UNCOOL! HE'D THINK I WAS SUCH A GROUPIE MORON TWERPO!
YEAH REALLY, BUT IT'S TOO-BAD IN A WAY. LIKE, IT'D BE NICE IF HE KNEW—
OH SURE, KAREN! JUST USE THAT AS A LAME EXCUSE TO GO THROW YOURSELF AT THE DUDE.. GO ON!!
GOD, I'M SO 'EM BARRASSED!
COOL IT, BITCH! I'M JUST GOING TO TELL HIM THAT I'M GLAD HE'S ABLE TO GET DOWN WITH THE PEOPLE!
PHH HAW
HI BOZ!
HUNH??
BOZ, I'M NOT GOING TO HASSLE YOU I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT I THINK IT'S REALLY EGALITARIAN THAT YOU CAN COME HERE AND JUST GET DOWN WITH REGULAR PEOPLE AND, UM. I HOPE YOU HAVE A NICE TIME WHILE YOU'RE IN HERE
YEAH, AN I HOPE YOU HAVE A NICE DEATH.
GASP!
COME ON, SHARON, L-LET'S GET OUT OF HERE..
HUH? WHA'D HE SAY? WHA'D HE SAY??
SHE CRIED FOR HOURS! IT'S TRUE!

MY PET PENIS
BY TERRY BOYCE
ONE DAY I WAS JUST STANDING AROUND MINDING MY OWN BIZNIS
♪
WHEN SUDDENLY MY ATTENTION WAS TAKEN BY A PITIFUL LITTLE CREATURE
WUT TH' HELL IZ THIS..?
SPERT
WHY HI THERE LITTLE GUY... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
PAT PAT
SUDDENLY HE HOPPED RIGHT UP INTO MY LAP
FRIENDLY, AREN'T YOU?
OH NO, YOU'RE SHIVERING, POOR THING
UH, I GOTTA GO NOW
YOU BETTER GO ON RIGHT HOME NOW, O.K., Y'HEAR
I REALLY MEAN IT, BEAT IT, HUH?
BUT THE LITTLE PRICK FOLLOWED ME ALL THE WAY HOME LITTLE DID I REALIZE I'D ACQUIRED A FAITHFUL COMPANION WHO SOON BECAME PART OF MY EVERYDAY LIFE ...
WHA.. TIME TO GET UP, HUH?
NUDGE
GOTTA GO OUT N' PISS HUH?
SCOOT


GO AHEAD THEN..
SSS
HERE'S YOUR BREAKFAST
SLURP
I GOTTA GO TO WORK NOW, DON'T GET TOO LONESOME, JUS' PLAY WITH YOURSELF AND BE A GOOD BOY 'TIL I GET BACK
AND WHEN I'D GET HOME AFTER A LONG HARD DAY, THAT LITTLE GUY WOULD BE RIGHT THERE WAITING FOR ME
HI BABY
IT SEEMED HE KNEW A LOT OF TRICKS!
WOW! A SOMERSAULT HEADSTAND!
HE ENTERTAINED ME FOR HOURS ON END. .
THAT'S VERY GOOD!
BUT I REALLY HAD NO IDEA OF THE EXTENT OF MY LITTLE FRIEND'S TALENTS...
UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN I WAS EXHAUSTED FROM WORK AND ..
WHEW
WOTTA DAY
!
THAT LITTLE GUY CLIMBED RIGHT UP INSIDE MY SHIRT AND STARTED TICKLING ME
STOP! TEE HEE HALP!!
THEN HE WENT UNDERNEATH MY SKIRT
HEY! GET OUTTA THERE! HEE HEE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE I'M...
I'M... OHHHHH AHHHHH, OH OH OH


I REALIZED MY LITTLE FRIEND WAS MORE TALENTED THAN I'D EVER REALIZED
DARLING!
VERY SOON IT BECAME NON-STOP PLAY BETWEEN US...
WHAT GAME DO YOU HAVE IN MIND TODAY, DEAR?
HE JUST HAD A WAY OF GETTING IN ANYPLACE HE WANTED TO GO!
KISSY KISSY
PLURP!
SOMETIMES EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, HE'D GET FRISKY
OMIGOD
I COULD EVEN TAKE HIM OUT WITH ME, TUCKED AWAY IN ONE OF HIS FAVORITE HIDING PLACES
MMM, OH YOU LITTLE FUCKER, YOU
?
I JUST GOT USED TO HIM DOING HIS THING ALL THE TIME
WOOO!
PLUNGE
THEN ONE DAY I CAME HOME AND HE WAS GONE!
WHERE'S MY LITTLE PECKER?
I WAS IN DESPAIR WITHOUT HIM!
WHERE WILL HE FIND ANOTHER WARM PLACE TO STAY?
A FEW WEEKS LATER I WAS JUST STANDING AROUND MINDING MY OWN BIZ AGAIN...
♪
WHEN SUDDENLY I SAW THE LITTLE PRICK WITH A NEW COMPANION!
WUT THE..?
♥
THE "MORAL" OF THIS STORY IS:
?
IF PETER PECKER PICKED A PUSSY PRIOR TO PECKING PRICKS, THEN PETER PECKER MAY PURSUE A PROMISING PECKER PICKER-UPPER.
END

© TERRY BOYCE 198

Baby Jenny & Erna Rae

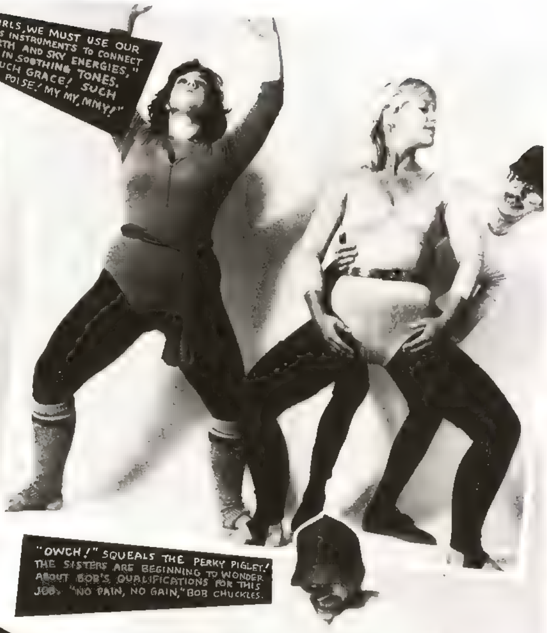
THE BEAN SISTERS

GET IN SHAPE

THOSE LOVABLE BEAN BRATS DECIDE THEIR TOUGH LITTLE BEAN BODIES NEED TONING UP, AND SO THEY SIGN UP FOR CLASSES AT "BOB'S DANCERCISE STUDIO." "OKAY, LET'S GET TO WORK," SAYS BOB AS HE OGLES THE TWO ROBUST YOUNG THINGS. PST! HEY BOB, STOP DROOLING!

"MY GOODNESS! WHAT A LIMBER LI'L PUP YOU ARE, JENNY! VERY IMPRESSIVE! AH HMM YES...."

"NOW GIRLS, WE MUST USE OUR BODIES AS INSTRUMENTS TO CONNECT WITH EARTH AND SKY ENERGIES," SAYS BOB IN SOOTHING TONES. "AH, SUCH GRACE! SUCH POISE! MY MY, MMY!"

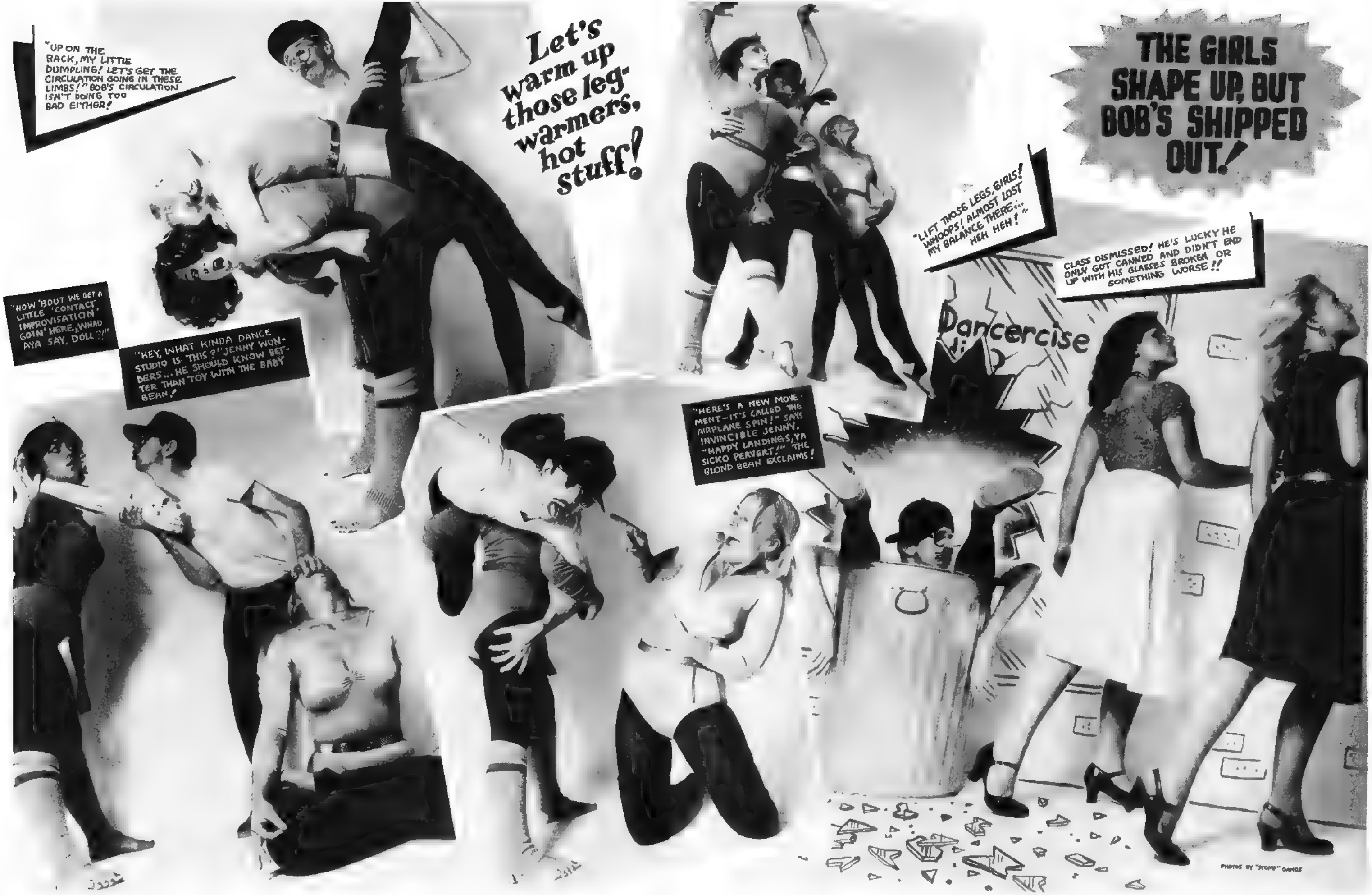


"OWCH!" SQUEALS THE PERKY PIGLET! THE SISTERS ARE BEGINNING TO WONDER ABOUT BOB'S QUALIFICATIONS FOR THIS JOB. "NO PAIN, NO GAIN," BOB CHUCKLES.

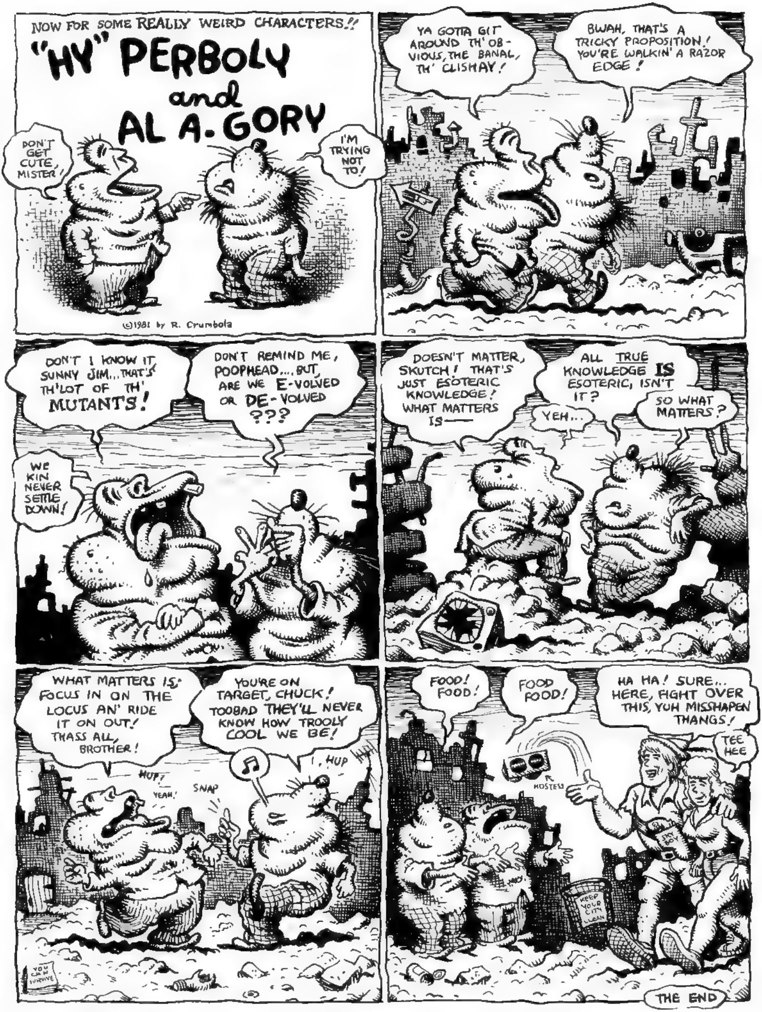
"C'MON, ERNA RAE!" COACHES BOB. "STRETCH IT OUT, KID...LIKE THIS—OOPS, SORRY 'BOUT THAT... HEM HEM...."

Let's warm up those leg-warmers, hot stuff!

THE GIRLS SHAPE UP, BUT BOB'S SHIPPED OUT!


"UP ON THE RACK, MY LITTLE DUMPLING! LET'S GET THE CIRCULATION GOING IN THESE LIMBS!" BOB'S CIRCULATION ISN'T DOING TOO BAD EITHER!
"HOW 'BOUT WE GET A LITTLE 'CONTACT IMPROVISATION' GOIN' HERE, WHAD AYA SAY, DOLL ?!"
"HEY, WHAT KINDA DANCE STUDIO IS THIS ?" JENNY WONDERS... HE SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TOY WITH THE BABY BEAN!
"LIFT THOSE LEGS, GIRLS! WHOOPS! ALMOST LOST MY BALANCE THERE... HEH HEH!"
"HERE'S A NEW MOVEMENT—IT'S CALLED THE AIRPLANE SPIN!" SAYS INVINCIBLE JENNY. "HAPPY LANDINGS, YA SICKO PERVERT!" THE BLOND BEAN EXCLAIMS!
Dancercise
CLASS DISMISSED! HE'S LUCKY HE ONLY GOT CANNED AND DIDN'T END UP WITH HIS GLASSES BROKEN OR SOMETHING WORSE!!

PHOTOS BY "STOMP" GAMOS


NOW FOR SOME REALLY WEIRD CHARACTERS!!
"HY" PERBOLY and AL A. GORY
DON'T GET CUTE, MISTER!
I'M TRYING NOT TO!
(c)1981 by R. Crumbola
YA GOTTA GIT AROUND TH' OBVIOUS, THE BANAL, TH' CLISHAY!
BWAH, THAT'S A TRICKY PROPOSITION! YOU'RE WALKIN' A RAZOR EDGE!
DON'T I KNOW IT, SUNNY JIM... THAT'S TH' LOT OF TH' MUTANTS!
DON'T REMIND ME, POOPHEAD.... BUT, ARE WE E-VOLVED OR DE-VOLVED ???
WE KIN NEVER SETTLE DOWN!
DOESN'T MATTER, SKUTCH! THAT'S JUST ESOTERIC KNOWLEDGE! WHAT MATTERS IS—
ALL TRUE KNOWLEDGE IS ESOTERIC, ISN'T IT?
YEH...
SO WHAT MATTERS?
WHAT MATTERS IS, FOCUS IN ON THE LOCUS AN' RIDE IT ON OUT! THASS ALL, BROTHER!
YOU'RE ON TARGET, CHUCK! TOOBAD THEY'LL NEVER KNOW HOW TROOLY COOL WE BE!
♪
HUP!
YEAH!
SNAP
!, HUP
YOU CAN SURVIVE
FOOD! FOOD!
FOOD FOOD!
HA HA! SURE... HERE, FIGHT OVER THIS, YUH MISSHAPEN THANGS!
TEE HEE
HOSTESS
KEEP YOUR CITY CLEAN
THE END

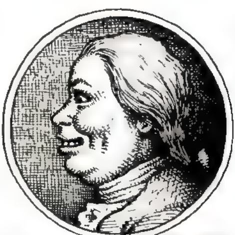
A KLASSIC KOMIC

EXCERPTS FROM

Boswell's LONDON JOURNAL

1762-1763

· SIR JAMES BOSWELL WAS A SCOTTISH ARISTOCRAT WHO WENT TO LONDON IN THE YEAR 1762, AT THE AGE OF 22. HE LIVED ON AN ALLOWANCE FROM HIS FAMILY AND SPENT HIS TIME TRYING TO PROMOTE HIMSELF SOCIALLY. HE ALSO KEPT A DETAILED DIARY OF ALL HIS VARIOUS ADVENTURES AND REFLECTIONS.

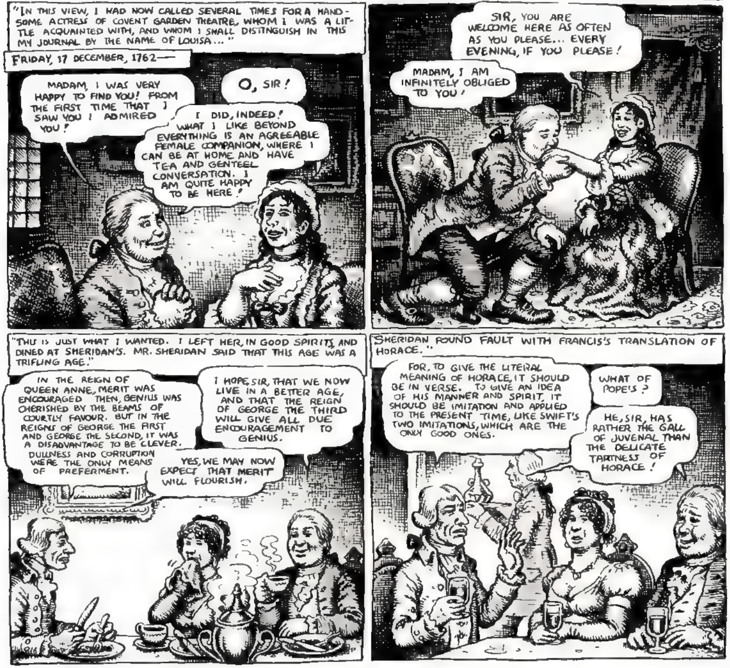


©1981 BY R. CRUMB

TUESDAY, 14 DECEMBER, 1762——

"IT IS VERY CURIOUS TO THINK THAT I HAVE NOW BEEN IN LONDON SEVERAL WEEKS WITHOUT EVER HAVING ENJOYED THE DELIGHTFUL SEX, ALTHOUGH I AM SURROUNDED WITH NUMBERS OF FREE-HEARTED LADIES OF ALL KINDS...

INDEED, IN MY MIND, THERE CANNOT BE HIGHER FELICITY ON EARTH ENJOYED BY MEN THAN THE PARTICIPATION OF GENIUNE RECIPROCAL AMOROUS AFFECTION WITH AN AMIABLE WOMAN. THERE HE HAS A FULL INDULGENCE OF ALL THE DELICATE FEELINGS AND PLEASURES BOTH OF BODY AND MIND, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME IN THIS ENCHANTING UNION HE EXALTS WITH A CONSCIOUSNESS THAT HE IS THE SUPERIOR PERSON. THE DIGNITY OF HIS SEX IS KEPT UP. THESE PARADISIAL SCENES OF GALLANTRY HAVE EXALTED MY IDEAS AND REFINED MY TASTE, SO THAT I REALLY CANNOT THINK OF STOOPING SO FAR AS TO MAKE A MOST INTIMATE COMPANION OF A GROVELING-MINDED, ILL BRED, WORTHLESS CREATURE, NOR CAN MY DELICACY BE PLEASED WITH THE GROSS VOLUPTUOUSNESS OF THE STEWS."*


"IN THIS VIEW, I HAD NOW CALLED SEVERAL TIMES FOR A HANDSOME ACTRESS OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, WHOM I WAS A LITTLE ACQUAINTED WITH, AND WHOM I SHALL DISTINGUISH IN THIS MY JOURNAL BY THE NAME OF LOUISA..."
FRIDAY, 17 DECEMBER, 1762——
MADAM, I WAS VERY HAPPY TO FIND YOU! FROM THE FIRST TIME THAT I SAW YOU I ADMIRED YOU!
O, SIR!
I DID, INDEED! WHAT I LIKE BEYOND EVERYTHING IS AN AGREEABLE FEMALE COMPANION, WHERE I CAN BE AT HOME AND HAVE TEA AND GENTEEL CONVERSATION. I AM QUITE HAPPY TO BE HERE!
SIR, YOU ARE WELCOME HERE AS OFTEN AS YOU PLEASE... EVERY EVENING, IF YOU PLEASE!
MADAM, I AM INFINITELY OBLIGED TO YOU!
"THIS IS JUST WHAT I WANTED. I LEFT HER IN GOOD SPIRITS, AND DINED AT SHERIDAN'S. MR. SHERIDAN SAID THAT THIS AGE WAS A TRIFLING AGE."
IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE, MERIT WAS ENCOURAGED. THEN, GENIUS WAS CHERISHED BY THE BEAMS OF COURTLY FAVOUR. BUT IN THE REIGNS OF GEORGE THE FIRST AND GEORGE THE SECOND, IT WAS A DISADVANTAGE TO BE CLEVER. DULLNESS AND CORRUPTION WERE THE ONLY MEANS OF PREFERMENT.
I HOPE, SIR, THAT WE NOW LIVE IN A BETTER AGE, AND THAT THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD WILL GIVE ALL DUE ENCOURAGEMENT TO GENIUS.
YES, WE MAY NOW EXPECT THAT MERIT WILL FLOURISH.
SHERIDAN FOUND FAULT WITH FRANCIS'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE."
FOR, TO GIVE THE LITERAL MEANING OF HORACE, IT SHOULD BE IN VERSE. TO GIVE AN IDEA OF HIS MANNER AND SPIRIT, IT SHOULD BE IMITATION AND APPLIED TO THE PRESENT TIME, LIKE SWIFT'S TWO IMITATIONS, WHICH ARE THE ONLY GOOD ONES.
WHAT OF POPE'S?
HE, SIR, HAS RATHER THE GALL OF JUVENAL THAN THE DELICATE TARTNESS OF HORACE!

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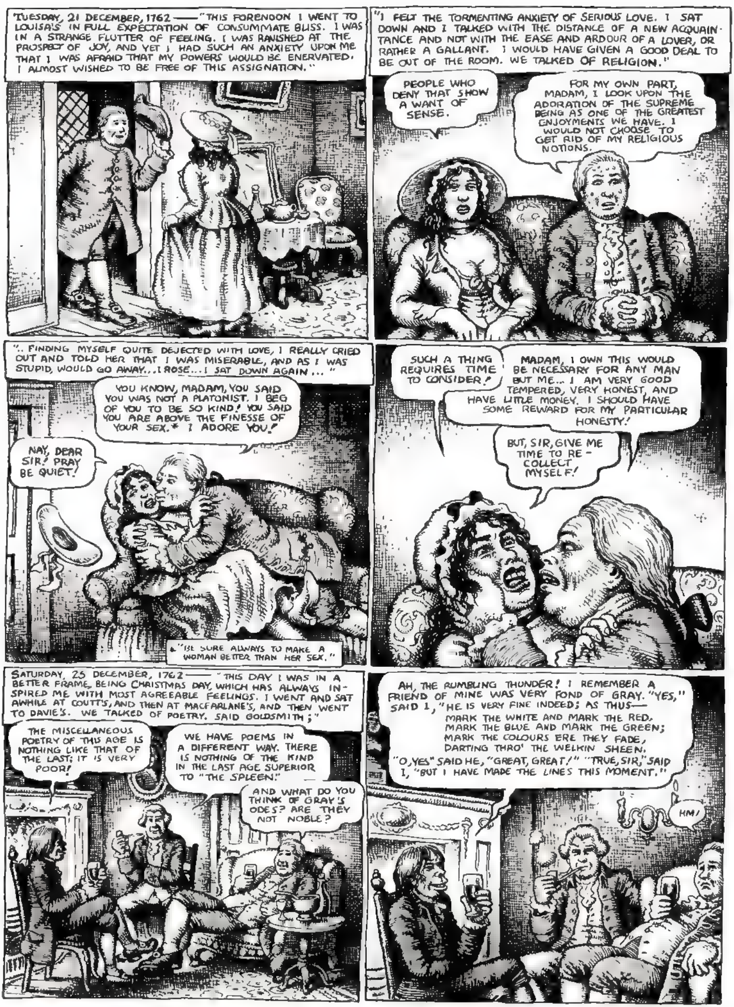
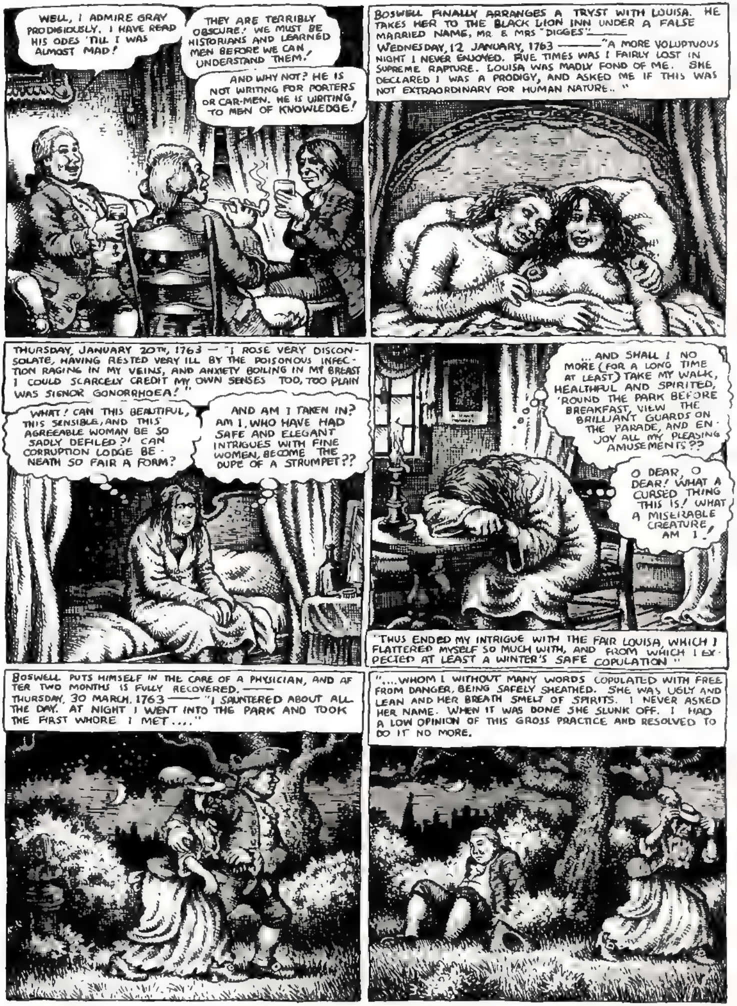
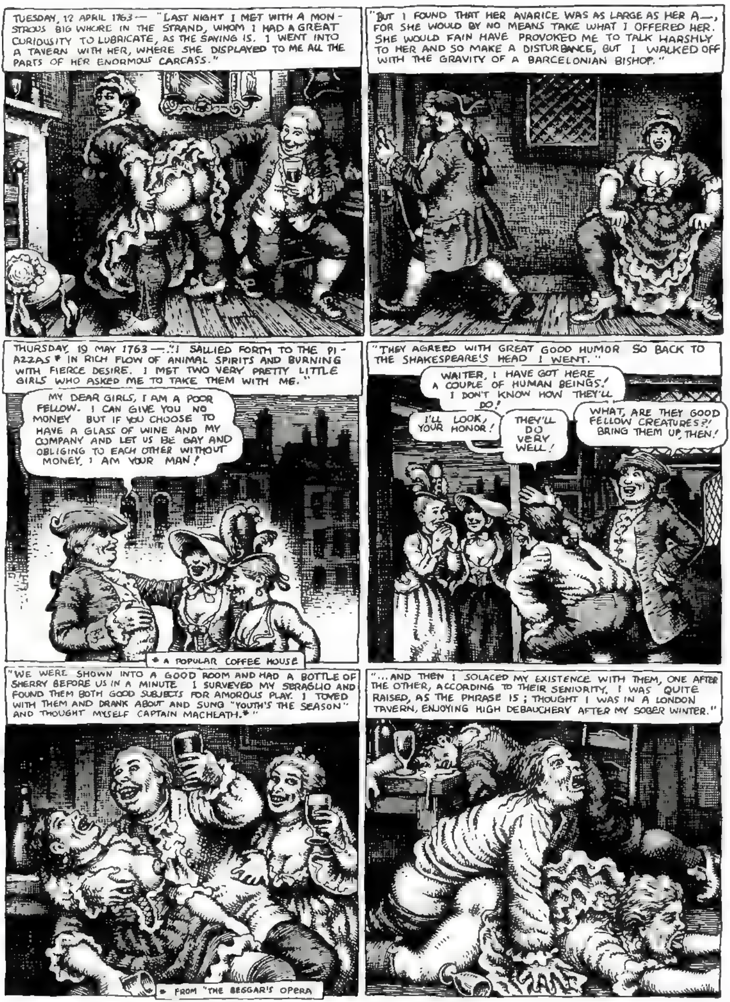
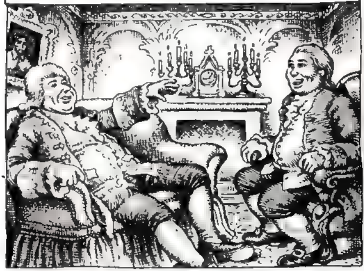
* BATH HOUSES


TUESDAY, 21 DECEMBER, 1762 —— "THIS FORENOON I WENT TO LOUISA'S IN FULL EXPECTATION OF CONSUMMATE BLISS. I WAS IN A STRANGE FLUTTER OF FEELING. I WAS RAVISHED AT THE PROSPECT OF JOY, AND YET I HAD SUCH AN ANXIETY UPON ME THAT I WAS AFRAID THAT MY POWERS WOULD BE ENERVATED. I ALMOST WISHED TO BE FREE OF THIS ASSIGNATION."
"I FELT THE TORMENTING ANXIETY OF SERIOUS LOVE. I SAT DOWN AND I TALKED WITH THE DISTANCE OF A NEW ACQUAINTANCE AND NOT WITH THE EASE AND ARDOUR OF A LOVER, OR RATHER A GALLANT. I WOULD HAVE GIVEN A GOOD DEAL TO BE OUT OF THE ROOM. WE TALKED OF RELIGION."
PEOPLE WHO DENY THAT SHOW A WANT OF SENSE.
FOR MY OWN PART, MADAM, I LOOK UPON THE ADORATION OF THE SUPREME BEING AS ONE OF THE GREATEST ENJOYMENTS WE HAVE. I WOULD NOT CHOOSE TO GET RID OF MY RELIGIOUS NOTIONS.
".. FINDING MYSELF QUITE DEJECTED WITH LOVE, I REALLY CRIED OUT AND TOLD HER THAT I WAS MISERABLE, AND AS I WAS STUPID, WOULD GO AWAY... I ROSE... I SAT DOWN AGAIN ... "
YOU KNOW, MADAM, YOU SAID YOU WAS NOT A PLATONIST. I BEG OF YOU TO BE SO KIND! YOU SAID YOU ARE ABOVE THE FINESSE OF YOUR SEX.* I ADORE YOU!
NAY, DEAR SIR! PRAY BE QUIET!
*"BE SURE ALWAYS TO MAKE A WOMAN BETTER THAN HER SEX."
SUCH A THING REQUIRES TIME TO CONSIDER!
MADAM, I OWN THIS WOULD BE NECESSARY FOR ANY MAN BUT ME... I AM VERY GOOD TEMPERED, VERY HONEST, AND HAVE LITTLE MONEY. I SHOULD HAVE SOME REWARD FOR MY PARTICULAR HONESTY!
BUT, SIR, GIVE ME TIME TO RECOLLECT MYSELF!
SATURDAY, 25 DECEMBER, 1762 —— "THIS DAY I WAS IN A BETTER FRAME, BEING CHRISTMAS DAY, WHICH HAS ALWAYS INSPIRED ME WITH MOST AGREEABLE FEELINGS. I WENT AND SAT AWHILE AT COUTT'S, AND THEN AT MACFARLANE'S, AND THEN WENT TO DAVIE'S. WE TALKED OF POETRY. SAID GOLDSMITH;"
THE MISCELLANEOUS POETRY OF THIS AGE IS NOTHING LIKE THAT OF THE LAST; IT IS VERY POOR!
WE HAVE POEMS IN A DIFFERENT WAY. THERE IS NOTHING OF THE KIND IN THE LAST AGE SUPERIOR TO "THE SPLEEN."
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF GRAY'S ODES? ARE THEY NOT NOBLE?
AH, THE RUMBLING THUNDER! I REMEMBER A FRIEND OF MINE WAS VERY FOND OF GRAY. "YES," SAID I, "HE IS VERY FINE INDEED; AS THUS—
MARK THE WHITE AND MARK THE RED,
MARK THE BLUE AND MARK THE GREEN;
MARK THE COLOURS ERE THEY FADE,
DARTING THRO' THE WELKIN SHEEN.
"O, YES" SAID HE, "GREAT, GREAT!" "TRUE, SIR," SAID I, "BUT I HAVE MADE THE LINES THIS MOMENT."
HM!

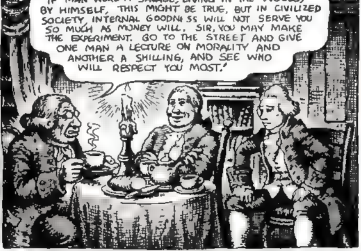

WELL, I ADMIRE GRAY PRODIGIOUSLY. I HAVE READ HIS ODES 'TILL I WAS ALMOST MAD!
THEY ARE TERRIBLY OBSCURE! WE MUST BE HISTORIANS AND LEARNED MEN BEFORE WE CAN UNDERSTAND THEM!
AND WHY NOT? HE IS NOT WRITING FOR PORTERS OR CAR-MEN. HE IS WRITING TO MEN OF KNOWLEDGE!
BOSWELL FINALLY ARRANGES A TRYST WITH LOUISA. HE TAKES HER TO THE BLACK LION INN UNDER A FALSE MARRIED NAME, MR & MRS "DIGGES". WEDNESDAY, 12 JANUARY, 1763 —— "A MORE VOLUPTUOUS NIGHT I NEVER ENJOYED. FIVE TIMES WAS I FAIRLY LOST IN SUPREME RAPTURE. LOUISA WAS MADLY FOND OF ME. SHE DECLARED I WAS A PRODIGY, AND ASKED ME IF THIS WAS NOT EXTRAORDINARY FOR HUMAN NATURE.."
THURSDAY, JANUARY 20TH, 1763 — "I ROSE VERY DISCONSOLATE, HAVING RESTED VERY ILL BY THE POISONOUS INFECTION RAGING IN MY VEINS, AND ANXIETY BOILING IN MY BREAST. I COULD SCARCELY CREDIT MY OWN SENSES. TOO, TOO PLAIN WAS SIGNOR GONORRHOEA!"
WHAT! CAN THIS BEAUTIFUL, THIS SENSIBLE, AND THIS AGREEABLE WOMAN BE SO SADLY DEFILED?! CAN CORRUPTION LODGE BENEATH SO FAIR A FORM?
AND AM I TAKEN IN? AM I, WHO HAVE HAD SAFE AND ELEGANT INTRIGUES WITH FINE WOMEN, BECOME THE DUPE OF A STRUMPET??
... AND SHALL I NO MORE (FOR A LONG TIME AT LEAST) TAKE MY WALK, HEALTHFUL AND SPIRITED, 'ROUND THE PARK BEFORE BREAKFAST, VIEW THE BRILLIANT GUARDS ON THE PARADE, AND ENJOY ALL MY PLEASING AMUSEMENTS??
O DEAR, O DEAR! WHAT A CURSED THING THIS IS! WHAT A MISERABLE CREATURE AM I!
"THUS ENDED MY INTRIGUE WITH THE FAIR LOUISA, WHICH I FLATTERED MYSELF SO MUCH WITH, AND FROM WHICH I EXPECTED AT LEAST A WINTER'S SAFE COPULATION."
BOSWELL PUTS HIMSELF IN THE CARE OF A PHYSICIAN, AND AFTER TWO MONTHS IS FULLY RECOVERED. —— THURSDAY, 30 MARCH, 1763 —— "I SAUNTERED ABOUT ALL THE DAY. AT NIGHT I WENT INTO THE PARK AND TOOK THE FIRST WHORE I MET...."
"....WHOM I WITHOUT MANY WORDS COPULATED WITH FREE FROM DANGER, BEING SAFELY SHEATHED. SHE WAS UGLY AND LEAN AND HER BREATH SMELT OF SPIRITS. I NEVER ASKED HER NAME. WHEN IT WAS DONE SHE SLUNK OFF. I HAD A LOW OPINION OF THIS GROSS PRACTICE AND RESOLVED TO DO IT NO MORE.


TUESDAY, 12 APRIL 1763 — "LAST NIGHT I MET WITH A MONSTROUS BIG WHORE IN THE STRAND, WHOM I HAD A GREAT CURIOSITY TO LUBRICATE, AS THE SAYING IS. I WENT INTO A TAVERN WITH HER, WHERE SHE DISPLAYED TO ME ALL THE PARTS OF HER ENORMOUS CARCASS."
"BUT I FOUND THAT HER AVARICE WAS AS LARGE AS HER A—, FOR SHE WOULD BY NO MEANS TAKE WHAT I OFFERED HER. SHE WOULD FAIN HAVE PROVOKED ME TO TALK HARSHLY TO HER AND SO MAKE A DISTURBANCE, BUT I WALKED OFF WITH THE GRAVITY OF A BARCELONIAN BISHOP."
THURSDAY, 19 MAY 1763 — "I SALLIED FORTH TO THE PIAZZAS* IN RICH FLOW OF ANIMAL SPIRITS AND BURNING WITH FIERCE DESIRE. I MET TWO VERY PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS WHO ASKED ME TO TAKE THEM WITH ME."
MY DEAR GIRLS, I AM A POOR FELLOW. I CAN GIVE YOU NO MONEY BUT IF YOU CHOOSE TO HAVE A GLASS OF WINE AND MY COMPANY AND LET US BE GAY AND OBLIGING TO EACH OTHER WITHOUT MONEY, I AM YOUR MAN!
* A POPULAR COFFEE HOUSE
"THEY AGREED WITH GREAT GOOD HUMOR SO BACK TO THE SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD I WENT."
WAITER, I HAVE GOT HERE A COUPLE OF HUMAN BEINGS! I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'LL DO!
I'LL LOOK, YOUR HONOR!
THEY'LL DO VERY WELL!
WHAT, ARE THEY GOOD FELLOW CREATURES?! BRING THEM UP, THEN!
"WE WERE SHOWN INTO A GOOD ROOM AND HAD A BOTTLE OF SHERRY BEFORE US IN A MINUTE. I SURVEYED MY SERAGLIO AND FOUND THEM BOTH GOOD SUBJECTS FOR AMOROUS PLAY. I TOYED WITH THEM AND DRANK ABOUT AND SUNG "YOUTH'S THE SEASON" AND THOUGHT MYSELF CAPTAIN MACHEATH.*"
* FROM "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA
"...AND THEN I SOLACED MY EXISTENCE WITH THEM, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, ACCORDING TO THEIR SENIORITY. I WAS QUITE RAISED, AS THE PHRASE IS; THOUGHT I WAS IN A LONDON TAVERN, ENJOYING HIGH DEBAUCHERY AFTER MY SOBER WINTER."

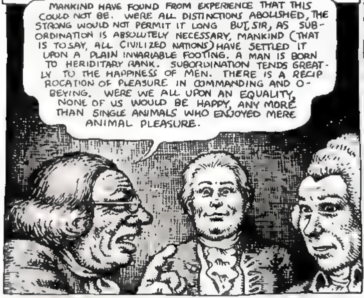
FRIDAY, 20 MAY, 1763 — MY BLOOD STILL THRILLED WITH PLEASURE. I BREAKFASTED WITH MACPHEARSON, WHO READ ME SOME HIGHLAND POEMS IN THE ORIGINAL. I THEN WENT TO LORD EGLINTON'S, WHO WAS HIGHLY ENTERTAINED WITH MY LAST NIGHT'S EXPLOITS, AND INSISTED THAT I SHOULD DINE WITH HIM."



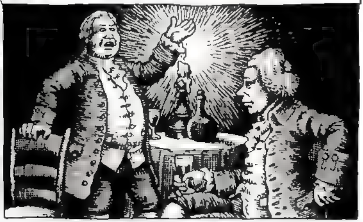
WEDNESDAY, 20 JULY, 1763 — "MR. JOHNSON AND MR DEMPSTER SUPPED WITH ME AT MY CHAMBERS. JOHNSON SAID PITY WAS NOT A NATURAL PASSION, FOR CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS CRUEL, AND SAVAGES ARE ALWAYS CRUEL. DEMPSTER ARGUED ON ROUSSEAU'S PLAN, THAT GOODS OF FORTUNE AND ADVANTAGES OF RANK WERE NOTHING TO A WISE MAN, WHO OUGHT ONLY TO VALUE INTERNAL MERIT." REPLIED JOHNSON:


IF MAN WERE A SAVAGE, LIVING IN THE WOODS, BY HIMSELF, THIS MIGHT BE TRUE, BUT IN CIVILIZED SOCIETY, INTERNAL GOODNESS WILL NOT SERVE YOU SO MUCH AS MONEY WILL. SIR, YOU MAY MAKE THE EXPERIMENT. GO TO THE STREET AND GIVE ONE MAN A LECTURE ON MORALITY AND ANOTHER A SHILLING, AND SEE WHO WILL RESPECT YOU MOST.'

"DEMPSTER THEN ARGUED THAT INTERNAL MERIT OUGHT TO MAKE THE ONLY DISTINCTION AMONGST MANKIND."

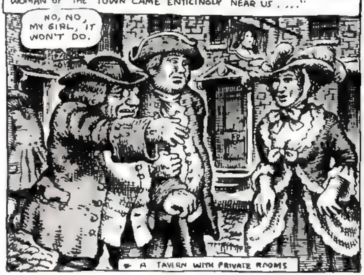

MANKIND HAVE FOUND FROM EXPERIENCE THAT THIS COULD NOT BE. WERE ALL DISTINCTIONS ABOLISHED, THE STRONG WOULD NOT PERMIT IT LONG. BUT, SIR, AS SUBORDINATION IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, MANKIND (THAT IS TO SAY, ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS) HAVE SETTLED IT UPON A PLAIN INVARIABLE FOOTING. A MAN IS BORN TO HERIDITARY RANK. SUBORDINATION TENDS GREATLY TO THE HAPPINESS OF MEN. THERE IS A RECIPROCATION OF PLEASURE IN COMMANDING AND OBEYING. WERE WE ALL UPON AN EQUALITY, NONE OF US WOULD BE HAPPY, ANY MORE THAN SINGLE ANIMALS WHO ENJOYED MERE ANIMAL PLEASURE.

"THUS DID MR JOHNSON SHOW UPON SOLID PRINCIPLES THE NECESSITY AND THE ADVANTAGES OF SUBORDINATION, WHICH GAVE MUCH SATISFACTION TO ME, WHO HAVE ALWAYS HAD STRONG MONARCHICAL INCLINATIONS BUT COULD NEVER GIVE STRONG REASONS IN THEIR JUSTIFICATIONS. AFTER JOHNSON WENT AWAY, I TOOK UP THE ARGUMENT FOR SUBORDINATION AGAINST DEMPSTER, AND INDEED AFTER HIS HEARTY DRUBBING FROM THE HARD-TONGUED JOHNSON, HE WAS BUT A FEEBLE ANTAGONIST. HE APPEARED TO ME A VERY WEAK MAN; AND I EXALTED AT THE TRIUMPH OF SOUND PRINCIPLES OVER SOPHISTRY"



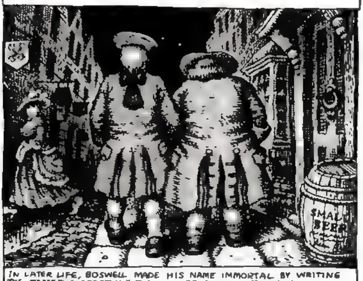
THURSDAY 28 JULY 1763 — "AT NIGHT, MR. JOHNSON AND I HAD A ROOM AT THE TURK'S HEAD.* HE SAID SWIFT HAD A HIGHER REPUTATION THAN HE DESERVED; THAT HIS EXCELLENCY WAS IN STRONG SENSE, FOR HIS HUMOR WAS NOT REMARKABLY GREAT.

AS WE WALKED ALONG THE STRAND TONIGHT, ARM IN ARM, A WOMAN OF THE TOWN CAME ENTICINGLY NEAR US . . . ."

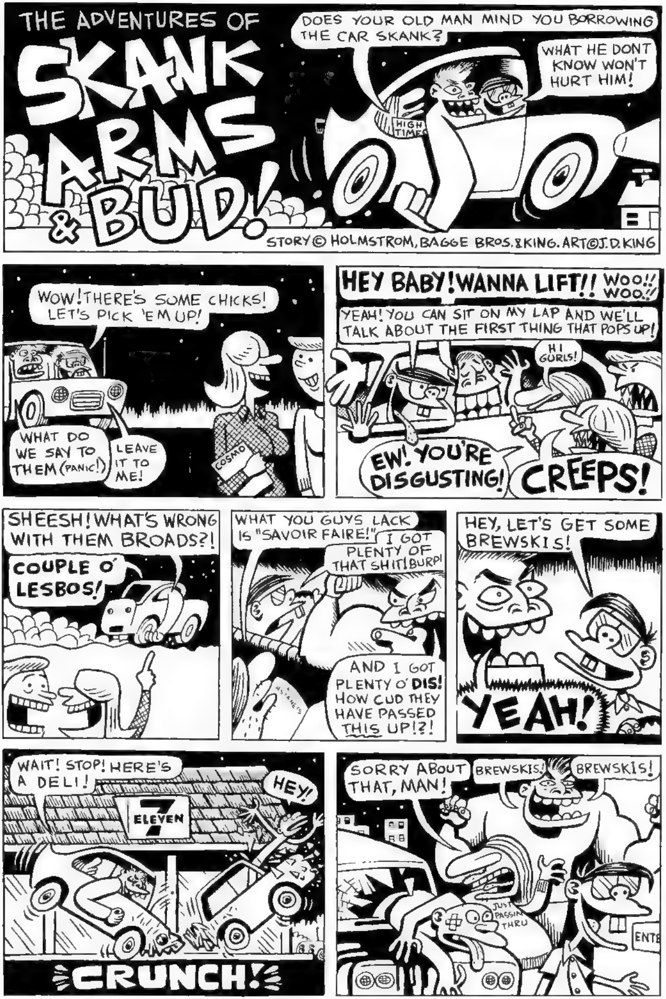

NO, NO, MY GIRL, IT WON'T DO.

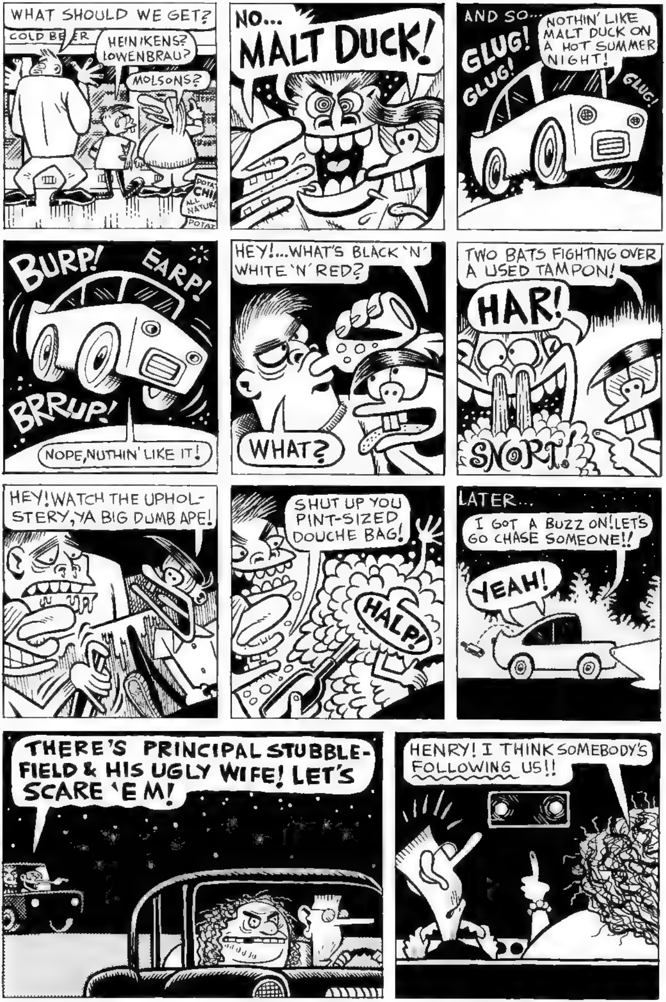
* A TAVERN WITH PRIVATE ROOMS

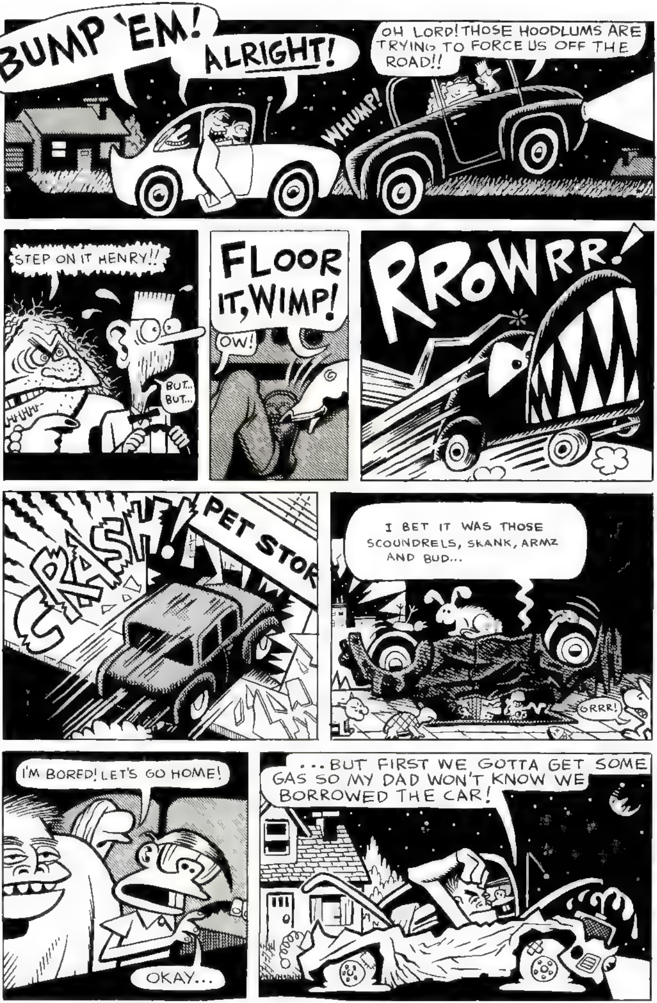
"WE THEN TALKED OF THE UNHAPPY SITUATION OF THESE WRETCHES, AND HOW MUCH MORE MISERY THAN HAPPINESS, UPON THE WHOLE, IS PRODUCED BY IRREGULAR LOVE.

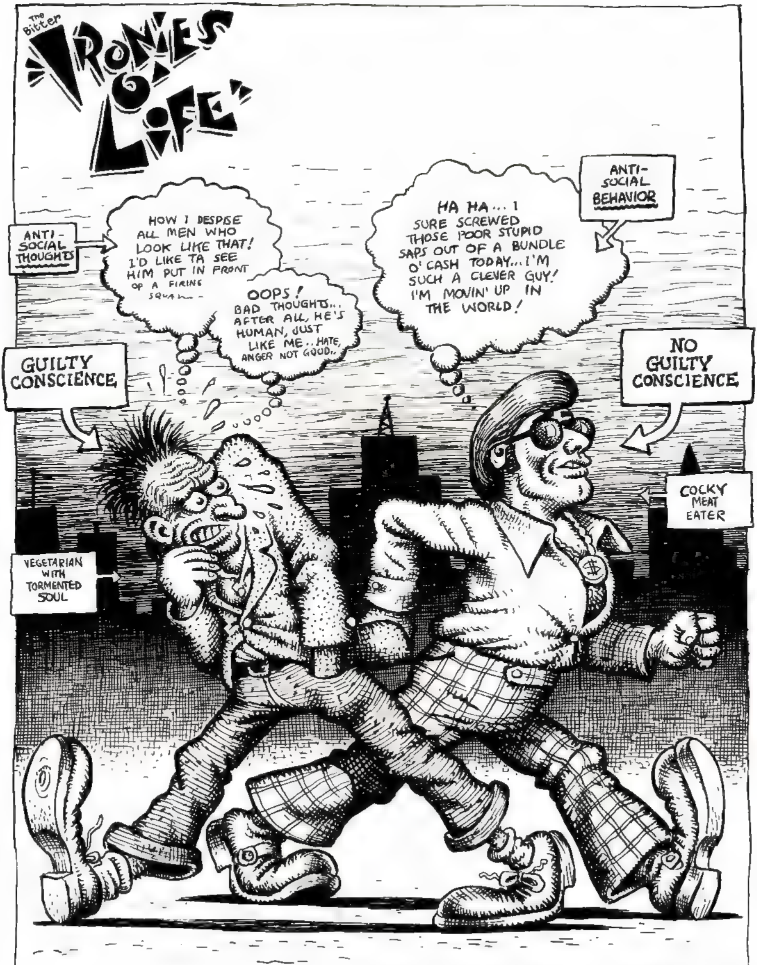


IN LATER LIFE, BOSWELL MADE HIS NAME IMMORTAL BY WRITING THE FAMED BIOGRAPHY," THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON."


THE ADVENTURES OF
SKANK ARMS & BUD!
DOES YOUR OLD MAN MIND YOU BORROWING THE CAR SKANK?
WHAT HE DONT KNOW WON'T HURT HIM!
HIGH TIMES
STORY © HOLMSTROM, BAGGE BROS. & KING. ART © J.D. KING
WOW! THERE'S SOME CHICKS! LET'S PICK 'EM UP!
WHAT DO WE SAY TO THEM (PANIC!)
LEAVE IT TO ME!
COSMO
HEY BABY! WANNA LIFT!! WOO!! WOO!!
YEAH! YOU CAN SIT ON MY LAP AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT THE FIRST THING THAT POPS UP!
HI GURLS!
EW! YOU'RE DISGUSTING!
CREEPS!
SHEESH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM BROADS?!
COUPLE O' LESBOS!
WHAT YOU GUYS LACK IS "SAVOIR FAIRE!"
I GOT PLENTY OF THAT SHIT! BURP!
AND I GOT PLENTY O' DIS! HOW CUD THEY HAVE PASSED THIS UP!?!
HEY, LET'S GET SOME BREWSKIS!
YEAH!
WAIT! STOP! HERE'S A DELI!
HEY!
7 ELEVEN
CRUNCH!
SORRY ABOUT THAT, MAN!
BREWSKIS!
BREWSKIS!
JUST PASSIN THRU
ENTE

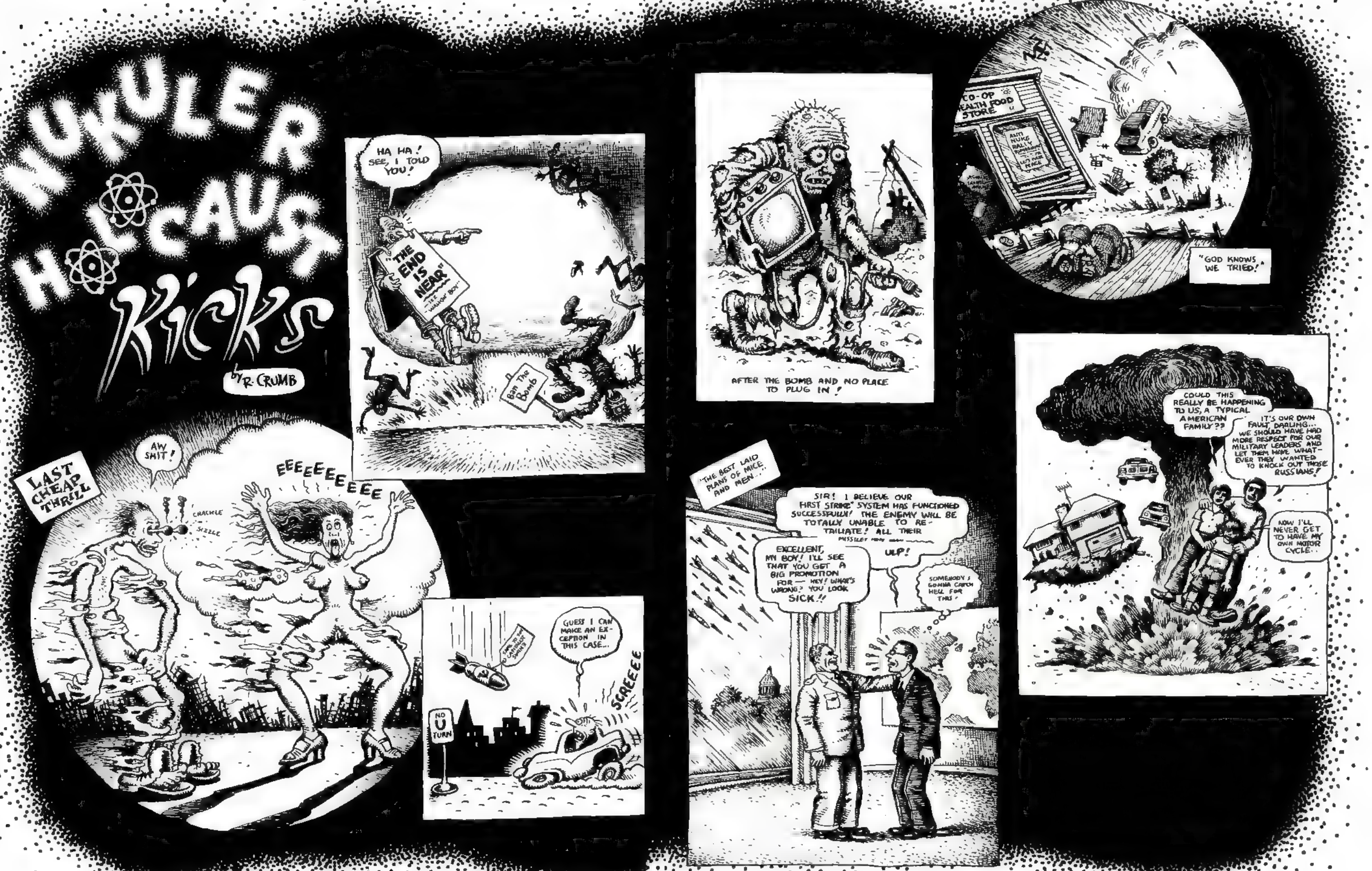

WHAT SHOULD WE GET?
COLD BE ER
HEINIKENS? LOWENBRAU?
MOLSONS?
POTAT CHI ALL NATUR
POTAT
NO... MALT DUCK!
AND SO...
GLUG! GLUG!
NOTHIN' LIKE MALT DUCK ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT!
GLUG!
BURP!
EARP!
BRRUP!
NOPE, NUTHIN' LIKE IT!
HEY!...WHAT'S BLACK 'N' WHITE 'N' RED?
WHAT?
TWO BATS FIGHTING OVER A USED TAMPON!
HAR!
SNORT!
HEY! WATCH THE UPHOLSTERY, YA BIG DUMB APE!
SHUT UP YOU PINT-SIZED DOUCHE BAG!
HALP!
LATER...
I GOT A BUZZ ON! LET'S GO CHASE SOMEONE!!
YEAH!
THERE'S PRINCIPAL STUBBLEFIELD & HIS UGLY WIFE! LET'S SCARE 'EM!
HENRY! I THINK SOMEBODY'S FOLLOWING US!!


BUMP 'EM!
ALRIGHT!
WHUMP!
OH LORD! THOSE HOODLUMS ARE TRYING TO FORCE US OFF THE ROAD!!
STEP ON IT HENRY!!
BUT... BUT...
FLOOR IT, WIMP!
OW!
RROWRR!
CRASH!
PET STOR
I BET IT WAS THOSE SCOUNDRELS, SKANK, ARMZ AND BUD...
GRRR!
I'M BORED! LET'S GO HOME!
OKAY...
...BUT FIRST WE GOTTA GET SOME GAS SO MY DAD WON'T KNOW WE BORROWED THE CAR!


The Bitter
IRONIES O' LIFE
ANTI-SOCIAL THOUGHTS
HOW I DESPISE ALL MEN WHO LOOK LIKE THAT! I'D LIKE TA SEE HIM PUT IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUA---
OOPS! BAD THOUGHTS... AFTER ALL, HE'S HUMAN, JUST LIKE ME.. HATE, ANGER NOT GOOD..
ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR
HA HA... I SURE SCREWED THOSE POOR STUPID SAPS OUT OF A BUNDLE O' CASH TODAY... I'M SUCH A CLEVER GUY! I'M MOVIN' UP IN THE WORLD!
GUILTY CONSCIENCE
NO GUILTY CONSCIENCE
COCKY MEAT EATER
VEGETARIAN WITH TORMENTED SOUL
$
WHYZIT THAT WAY?? WHO CAN SAY? ~R. CRUMB

NUKULER HOLOCAUST KICKS

by R. CRUMB


HA HA! SEE, I TOLD YOU!
"THE END IS NEAR"
BAN THE BOMB
AFTER THE BOMB AND NO PLACE TO PLUG IN!
CO-OP HEALTH FOOD STORE
ANTI NUKE RALLY
LETS HAVE PEACE
"GOD KNOWS WE TRIED!"
LAST CHEAP THRILL
AW SHIT!
CRACKLE
SIZZLE
EEEEEEEEEEE
GUESS I CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION IN THIS CASE...
NO U TURN
SCREEEE
"THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN..."
SIR! I BELIEVE OUR "FIRST STRIKE" SYSTEM HAS FUNCTIONED SUCCESSFULLY! THE ENEMY WILL BE TOTALLY UNABLE TO RETALIATE! ALL THEIR MISSILES
EXCELLENT, MY BOY! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A BIG PROMOTION FOR — HEY! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK SICK!!
ULP!
SOMEBODY'S GONNA CATCH HELL FOR THIS!
COULD THIS REALLY BE HAPPENING TO US, A TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY??
IT'S OUR OWN FAULT, DARLING... WE SHOULD HAVE HAD MORE RESPECT FOR OUR MILITARY LEADERS AND LET THEM HAVE WHATEVER THEY WANTED TO KNOCK OUT THOSE RUSSIANS!
NOW I'LL NEVER GET TO HAVE MY OWN MOTOR CYCLE..

the record changer
35c
JUNE 1947

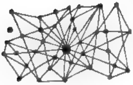
THESE POST-WAR MODERNISTIC CARTOONS APPEARED IN THE LATE 1940'S IN "THE RECORD CHANGER", A JAZZ RECORD COLLECTOR'S MAGAZINE. THEY WERE DRAWN BY GENE DEITCH, FATHER OF UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST KIM DEITCH. GENE WAS LIVING IN L.A. IN THAT PERIOD, AND SPENT ALOT OF TIME HANGING AROUND THE JAZZMAN RECORD SHOP ON SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD, AND GENERALLY FORAGING ABOUT FOR OLD 78 RECORDS. LATER ON HE LEFT EVERYTHING AND MOVED TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA, WHERE HE NOW DOES ANIMATION WORK. MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE STATES, I MANAGED TO GLEEN SOME OF THE HOT ONES FROM THE COLLECTION OF 78s HE LEFT BEHIND! THANKS, GENE, YOU HAD GOOD TASTE IN MUSIC, NOT TO MENTION A LIVELY AND IMAGINATIVE DRAWING STYLE!

— R. CRUMB '81

gene Deitch

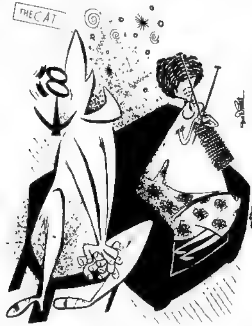
the record changer
35c
MARCH 1947
A REVIEW OF ESQUIRE'S 1947 JAZZ BOOK . . . . page 8

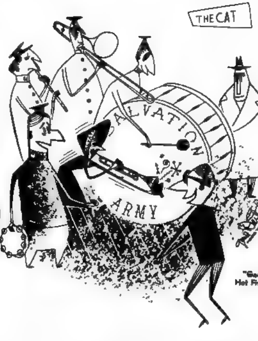
the record changer
OCTOBER 1947
35c



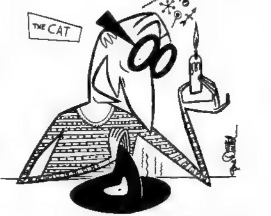
©1981 by
GENE
DEITCH

sometimes, when I get to wondering just what all this means put on 'The Crave' and everything seems right again

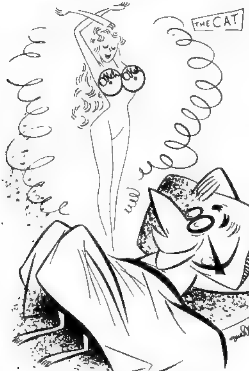


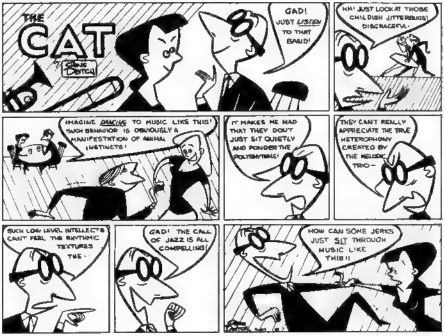

THE CAT
SALVATION
ARMY

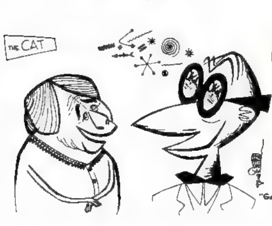
"She picked up that style from some old records in our salvage shop!"



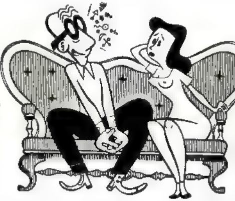
"Gad! Just as I suspected! Columbia has been laminating Sinatra over old Hot Fives!!"



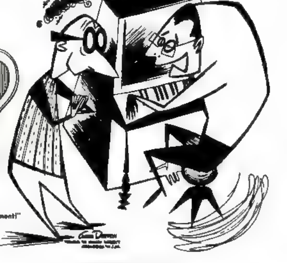

THE CAT
by Gene Deitch
GAD! JUST LISTEN TO THAT BAND!
HM! JUST LOOK AT THOSE CHILDISH JITTERBUGS! DISGRACEFUL.
IMAGINE DANCING TO MUSIC LIKE THIS! SUCH BEHAVIOR IS OBVIOUSLY A MANIFESTATION OF ANIMAL INSTINCTS!
IT MAKES ME MAD THAT THEY DON'T JUST SIT QUIETLY AND PONDER THE POLYRHYTHMS!
THEY CAN'T REALLY APPRECIATE THE TRUE HETEROPHONY CREATED BY THE MELODIC TRIO—
SUCH LOW LEVEL INTELLECTS CAN'T FEEL THE RHYTHMIC TEXTURES THE—
GAD! THE CALL OF JAZZ IS ALL COMPELLING!
HOW CAN SOME JERKS JUST SIT THROUGH MUSIC LIKE THIS!!



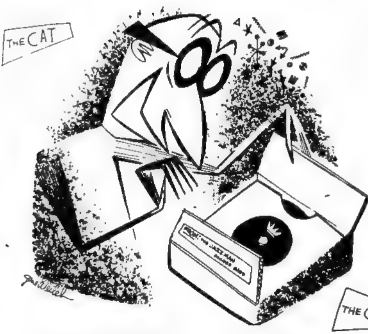
"That's mighty kind of you, young man, to offer to clean out my attic!"



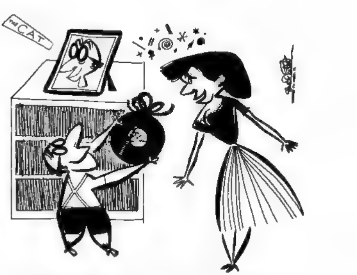
"Gad, the resurgence of the New Orleans style is a stimulating development!"


Gene Deitch

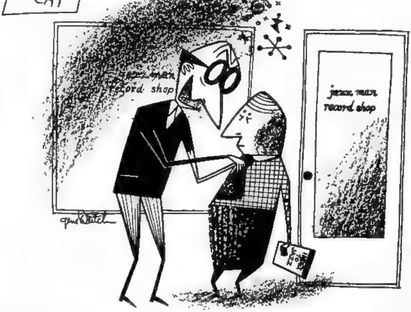
"What?—This old rag!?"


THE CAT
FROM: THE JAZZ MAN

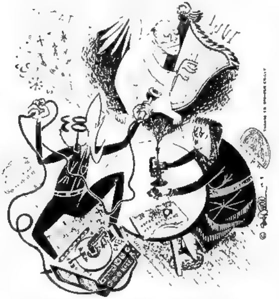
"GAD! AND WITH THE ORIGINAL COBWEBS STILL INTACT!"



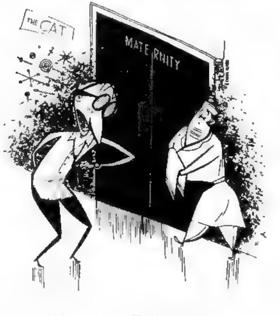
"Yes, dear—I'm sure daddy WILL be surprised with a new shaving mirror!"


THE CAT
jazz man record shop
jazz man record shop

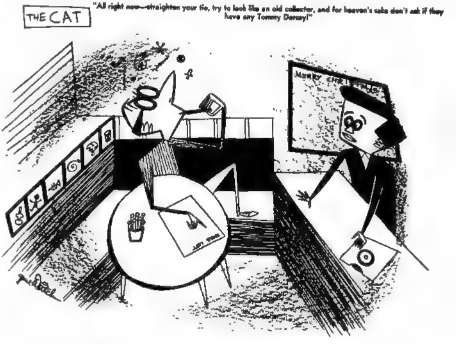
"All right now—straighten your tie, try to look like an old collector, and for heaven's sake don't ask if they have any Tommy Dorsey!"



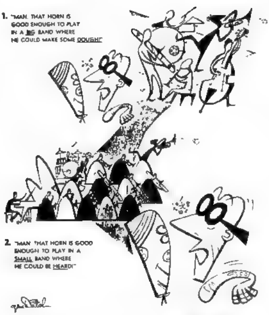
"Egad! He's playing Blues, all right, but no one will ever believe it's Bolden!"


THE CAT
MATERNITY

"Good Lord! I've missed *THIS IS JAZZ.*"

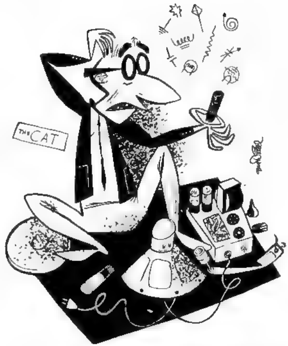

THE CAT
MERRY CHRISTMAS

"H'm! Maybe I shouldn't give Sam an original Morton; he only gave me a reissue last Christmas!"

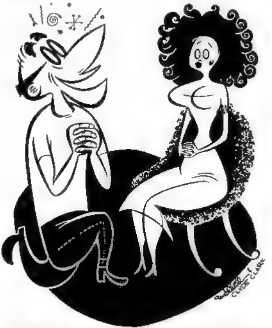


1. "MAN, THAT HORN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY IN A BIG BAND WHERE HE COULD MAKE SOME DOUGH!"

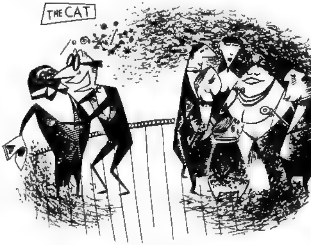
2. "MAN, THAT HORN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY IN A SMALL BAND WHERE HE COULD BE HEARD!"



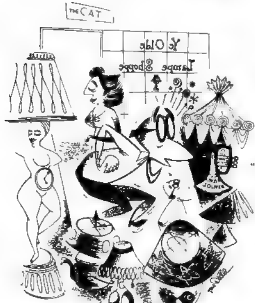
"It's no use—I'll just have to face it—Louis made a clinker—."

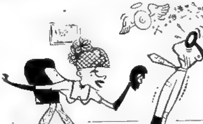

CLYDE CLARK

"God, your lips are as red as the 8000 series Okehs, your eyes are like Columbia Blue-Discs, your ..."

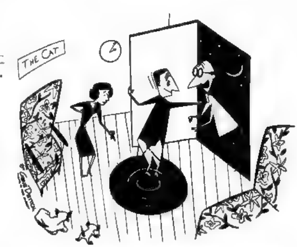


". . . And then what did Tony Jackson say to you?!!"


THE CAT
Ye Olde
Lampe Shoppe
OLIVER



"Gee! Ain't it lucky it was just this old worn out one!"



"...AND NOW THAT BRINGS US TO CONSIDER THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF JAZZ..."

SALVATION $1

$10 for MEMBERSHIP in the CHURCH

editorial by Rev Ivan Stang, A 0
interpreted from the Dobbs material
translated by
Dr Philo Drummond, 01°

"What a lot of people are following MIGHT NOT BE JESUS "

"Bob"
Boardroom Tape L-5

HAS FEAR OF THE UNUSUAL PREVENTED YOU FROM JOINING THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS? Or, if you are already a member, has Conspiracy harrassment kept you from enjoying your full rights as a SubGenius?

Do they constantly reinforce your Conspiracy programming by making it financially necessary that you attend endless pink-ins, gatherings of dull blandoid Normalcy Dupes who bore you to death, making you sit there while you secretly daydream of wreaking havoc on their pallid world? Or do they try to intimidate you out of SubGeniusness? For instance, are you having trouble getting a good job, or laid? Is it increasingly difficult for you to "relate?" Is your mail being opened? Have you recently had a Close Call of the 3rd Kind? Or have they stepped up their harrassment even further--have they sent the Boner after you to tear out your tongue, gouge out your eyes, set fire to your home, impale your mate, rape your children, and burn your secret stash of SubGenius propaganda? *OR*, are they using subtler but EVEN MORE HEINOUS methods, such as Psychic Aether Disruptors to discomBobulate your Sphere of Causality, slanting your Luck Plane *their* way and throwing you way out of Sync?

If they have done these things and you have been discouraged, it is understandable It was *all planned* that way by multi-dimensional Wrath Entity JHVH 1, *all set up* in literally subatomic detail long before the seeds of life were planted on this planet some *ten billion years ago* (Yes TEN billion They had to be planted more than once)

Our present-day Conspiracy reflects the gleefully sadistic tampering of "J-1" in its current attacks, labeling the SubGenius as fanatical, unemployable, secretive, misguided, even "insane However, these tactics are just more incontrovertible proof of our *glorious threat* to Them That the Conspiracy—particularly the nearly mindless Normal Majority—has continually attacked the Church is a great tribute to us, for organizations are surely known for their enemies as well as their friends Consequently, abnormals who may have once been programmed to deny their own abnormality are now, with second thoughts investigating and joining the Church We now have PROOF that within our lifetimes we WILL see the Sovereign State of the SubGenius each yard a kingdom, each child and dog a serf, each SubGenius a respected and slackful member of the para polygamistpatriarchy foretold by "Bob " Patriopsychotic Anarchomaterialism will LIVE AGAIN

But the path to this Utopia for dreamers is strewn with danger and martyrdom We must be prepared for intense resistance We must be prepared for the *wrong kind* of Temptation and the perils of *false slack* "The demon is a liar, he will lie to confuse us."—THE EXORCIST

Already he has many people calling *us* "demonic Humanists" and "Communist Tools of Satan " What has this world *come* to, that the most courageous, patriotic, and *almost fatally independent* guardians of SANE MORALITY in AMERICA be called "Communist Tools of Satan" by idol-mongering, neurosis-implanting, unknowingly UFO-or-devil-possessed KOOKS who actually have the GALL to call themselves CHRISTIANS?? By GOD, JESUS was *NO PUSSYFOOTER* He was and is THE *FIGHTIN* JESUS, one of the down home *for real* people, not some sourmouth old-lady puritan whiner! The REAL Jesus (and his two-fisted pals Bhuddha, Krishna, Elvis et al) are slugging it out, are *right in the thick of it* with *"BOB"* "We're not tools of ANYBODY except the Stark Fist of Removal, and It's got hold of the CONSPIRACY, TOO, so FUCK' EM *FUCK EM!"* I tell you, Satan is a liar, he's a DECEIVER, and a deceiver is going to jump you where you LEAST EXPECT IT And *where* do the most susceptible, doltish seekers of narconormality LEAST EXPECT THE DEVIL? In CHURCH!! IN CHURCH!! Yes it can happen in ANY HOUSE OF GOD that is run by DUPES who are sitting ducks, lamely praying for SOME ENTITY to step in and TELL THEM WHAT TO DO WITH THEIR LIVES

Horrible, isn't it, that so many would-be PATRIOTS are so *steeped* in their own *personal paranoia* that they have lost all "sense" of *humor* and thus all *perspective*, that they have let FOUL PREACHERS change the PUNCHLINES of the GOOD JOKES of JESUS to look like SICK GUILT PARABLES??? "HOLY SHIT" I say, this CONSPIRACY business we're talking about is NO JOKE, we are not speaking in SYMBOLIC TERMS, the Conspiracy we talk about is a *real thing* that permeates ALL OF SOCIETY It is a CREEPING TREND against YOU and ME that is BEING DELIBERATELY INSTIGATED by BODILESS HIGHER INTELLIGENCES in an overpopulated world that is RIPE AS HELL for TAKEOVER

Shit, it's so obvious it's ACTUALLY FUNNY People by the millions are *giving up* on science and politics and are now expecting "Something Else" to save them If something that *looks like* a UFO or a Spirit from the Afterlife or an Ascended Spiritual Master or a "strong President" happens to say it IS a UFO or a Spirit or an Ascended Master, or a "hard charger," people unfortunately have a tendency to BLINDLY TAKE ITS WORD FOR IT It may *be* one of those, but it may also be something we haven't even had *nightmares* about yet The Contactee Epidemic has started, often it's in a namby-pamby disguise that makes for a bestselling self-help book, sometimes it's private and brainwarping, but whatever it is, it is now making IRREVERSIBLE the incredible wave of superstition that is about to sweep the world. Fake Jesii will be cropping up right and left like BAIT from SPACE, and HUMANS WILL BITE. It's already damn near impossible to have a sane, well-rounded overview of the nonstop cataclysm that daily life is becoming, and what we have always called 'science' and 'rational thought' is precisely what has caused this. "Science" is now so top-heavy with its own Conspiracy-planted bureaucracy status-detail that it is swiftly burying any credibility it once had under its own self-perpetuating academic red tape factory, each particular field of specialty makes itself incomprehensible to everyone but its own experts Mainstream religion is the same—preachers don't make sense to anybody who isn't *already "saved,"* defeating their own purposes by Con-spurred overkill The people who will wield power in the near future, then, will be the ones who can come up with broad, all-inclusive explanations for modern insane reality, explanations that may in fact be ludicrous but which nevertheless SOUND GOOD and which FIT IN THESE *ARE* THE END TIMES.

So WAKE UP! or you'll be left standing there in the Aftermath with your pants down and with the Grin of Mr Coprophagy plastered on your zombie face. If you're behind "liberal humanism" OR "religious conservativism" OR ANY COMBINATION THEREOF, you are basically subscribing to a DOLE SYSTEM where SOMEBODY ELSE is pulling the strings, and you're JUST where the Conspiracy WANTS you The issue, the PRIMAL issue that keeps being ignored *because of its own nature* is the rotting away of the *original human personality* which in its NATURAL state is actually CRAZY and HAPPY as hell They ARE making you Normal, and for *that very reason* you cannot tell that the change is even happening. They don't want you to stand on your own two feet and they make it HORRIBLY EASY for you to just let THEM prop you up instead

YOU THINK it's just uptight moral majority primates in business suits, but NO! It's probably half your best friends, YES, regular hippies and intellectual hep cats, people who still entertain the fantasy that their grooved-out lifestyle somehow makes them immune to the coming fullhell Humanity Crisis, nice "cool" people who smoke pot or tell good dirty jokes, JUST PLAIN GOOD BUDDIES, but the fact remains that they are already clamped into the smoothest type of Conspiracy programming and will only slide deeper, they still talk about Slack but it's just shallow surface talk, give them 5 years and they'll have rationalized their own selves right into the hands of the Anti "Bob," 333, just wait, soon they'll be tube-eyed glassfaces, zombie office drones with cardboard Family Values, oh sure they'll still listen to Frank Zappa records, but *even Frank Zappa himself* will have finished his plunge into the service of the robot temptors, YES! "Leisure activities" are the Cheese, the Conspiracy provides the Maze, and YOU are the RAT!! The nibbling greedy RAT!! *They* dangle enough fancy stereos and ski trips in front of you and by god you'll BITE or maybe status machines aren't your cheese, maybe you like "responsibility" or "fame" or "to be left alone" or even "nature" instead, well whatever you want the Conspiracy has it for YOU, they know how to make you think you earned it, they'll have you doing a kind of work that isn't work at all, they'll have you bedding down with women that aren't women at all, you'll learn to *love* the fashionable New Bondage, HELL they're bending you over already, better clench tight, they're about to drop a BIG present in your back door! And you'll never notice what they took when they left because once it's gone *you won't have anything to miss it WITH,* your Third Nostril can be closed up by a myriad of Conspiracy moneydrugs, your once noble Nental life half soul can be tranquilized by a good enough TV show, your Bobself and mystic powers—already dampened—can be smothered permanently by involuntary surrender, it'll be like a mental videotape of your own personal uniqueness and abnormality potential and *valuable past sufferings* that somebody went and ERASED, and it WON'T come back, it's like an amputation of your Improvement Instinct, "When there's no more room in Hell the dead will walk the Earth " (DAWN OF THE DEAD) Yep . they'll suddenly give you some spare time, but you'll be so fucked up from not having had any in so long, that you won't know what to DO with it, when you finally decide on which type of false slack to pursue you won't ENJOY it, and if you accidentally DO enjoy it they'll find a way to make you feel GUILTY about it later When you don't know whether you're TO or FROM you won't care WHERE you're going.

And so even YOU will follow your buddies into the happy tarpit of lowered expectations, so what if you never got to be a rock star, by god you'll be a damn good junior ad executive, right?? Remember what happened to most of the bomb-throwing radicals of your college youth? They all work for their dads now, yes?? And sure enough they have more Slack then you do, they sold out and got rich, but *here's where it's horrible* They no longer have the mental capacity to *enjoy* it *You do* you could make the full Boblike use of it that they can't anymore, but still THEY HAVE IT and YOU DON'T. And if you don't keep on the randomly meandering path of "Bob" you may just decide to get some of their false slack for *yourself* Right *now* your outward personality is just the tip of the Iceberg of the *real you* 5 years at the paps of the Conspiracy and that iceberg *tip* will be *all that's left*

HOW DO THEY DO IT? What makes their hollow society so habit forming? How can these GOD DAMNED *ALIENS* actually be making US think like THEM?

Well, they *aren't* making us think like them. They're making us think like we *think* they think. But that is NOT the way THEY think, in fact those ALIENS thinks more like "BOB"!" BUT . . they know *just* where a well-placed propaganda boot to your behavior glands will make that brainkick feel GOOD To be more precise and more *justifiably vindictive* about it, they know how to smash your Mystik Sixth Sense of Humor in such a way that you'll be glad it's gone

They know what sort of tribulations to heap on you that will make you "take things seriously" They know how to SCARE you into "accepting your responsibilities." In short, they know how to make you "grow up" And the way they do it would make Jesus puke They wait till you're 25 or so, let you just start to get your footing, then WHAM they pull the rug right out from under you Your preconceived notions about Slack in the world are shattered, you get good and SODOMIZED by STARK REALITY It's like being a long-time virgin who *finally* got deflowered, but it was a *bad deflowering* You lose faith in everything decent and suddenly nothing is *funny* anymore especially not HELL ON EARTH . . AND IT'S PEOPLE WHO DON'T THINK HELL ON EARTH IS FUNNY THAT DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THERE COULD *BE* HELL ON EARTH Such tight-lipped puritanical LIBERALS who keep telling you to THINK POSITIVE are the Conspiracy's BEST TOOLS. When push comes to shove they'll put their trust in the Anti"Bob" because he doesn't "act crazy," he doesn't mock sacred things or make cruel jokes about ugly things that *shouldn't even be brought up,* like "Bob" does The Anti"Bob" assures you without SAYING A WORD that if you'll just "act right" (which is easy, the rules are simple), you'll be smart and cool and you won't act silly anymore like you did when you were a teenager. But BY GOD if you aren't ready to KILL FOR FUN you'll be lost forever If you don't keep your sense of hideous grins you *won't have any sense at all* That broad, sick sense of *humor* is the only one that makes the other senses *worthwhile* That's *good,* it has to work that way It's all tied together in one BIG plan Let's face it, if "God" is everything and has attributes of everything, He She or IT most certainly has a sense of huor, and in God's case it seems to be a sense of humor so refined as to be totally *inscrutable*. God rarely makes any sense at ALL by *our* standards, and without that mystik primordial urge for insane yuks you can't begin to comprehend *God's* bizarre ways of doing things, or JHVH-1's for that matter, and you'll latch onto the Devil's ways instead, or at least those of Nhee Ghee, which always make *perfect sense,* especially to the truly desperate. Without that sense of "humor" you'll never *let* yourself see how horrible things have gotten, and you'll never be *able* to see how hilarious they *always are anyway* "You can't be very smart without first being totally stupid." (—"Bob," Trance 45)

AIIEE *YES*—the truth is *so bad* and *so good,* BOTH, it can ONLY be leaked out in so-called "jokes." What the hell do you think the Conspiracy is doing with its UFOs, poltergeists, spirit-guides, and INSANE PHENOMENA? It's just propagating a WARPED version of the same truth "Bob" is trying to impart. And the Conspiracy has been so successful in retarding common human sense and the natural expression of piercing, "morbid" truth-guffaws, that even the Church of the SubGenius is sometimes FORCED to lower itself to TV style pratfall-mongering to survive If we didn't intersperse this ranting with the "obvious jokes" the Conspiracy would have a BOUNTY on our heads We're just about the ONLY organization willing to even *whisper* the truth about the Hollow Earth, and the only way we can do even *that* is to wrap it in a good-natured sugar coating of surface laughs. Sure—we'll admit it—to some people, the Church's dogma may be "funny." But the Church of the SubGenius is itself NO JOKE. Fine, let them think it's all just a parody "Ha ha, we're only *kidding!* This is *satire!* Resemblance to any person living or dead, except where direct satiric purpose is intended, is just a coincidence!! Here, would you please add this turd to that punchbowl?"

THEY can't read the code anyway But you can. And if enough of YOU will step boldly out and make witness for "Bob," we'll be able to STRIP THE CODES AWAY!, Rending brazenly all labels, *false fronts, preconceptions* which obscure the BLINDING WHITE LIGHT of SCHIZO TRUTH

And this we swear. THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS DOES NOT WUSS OUT. The Foundation WILL NOT FOLD It CAN'T, it's TOO LATE. The juggernaut has been unleashed and the onslaught *cannot be reversed* THERE IS LITERALLY NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN. The One-World Religion foretold in all the Bibles IS HERE TODAY and you are NOW CASHING IN on its RELENTLESS ERUPTION.

Sure—the world as we know it ends at 7 am on July 5, 1998 But now YOU don't have to worry YOU are a Priest of the Church of the SubGenius The Men from Planet X have a check by YOUR name in their Book of Humans. They WILL LAND on that fateful day, X Day, and *YOU'LL* be *SAVED* while all those ASSHOLES *FRY!"*

Halleluia, Praise "Bob."

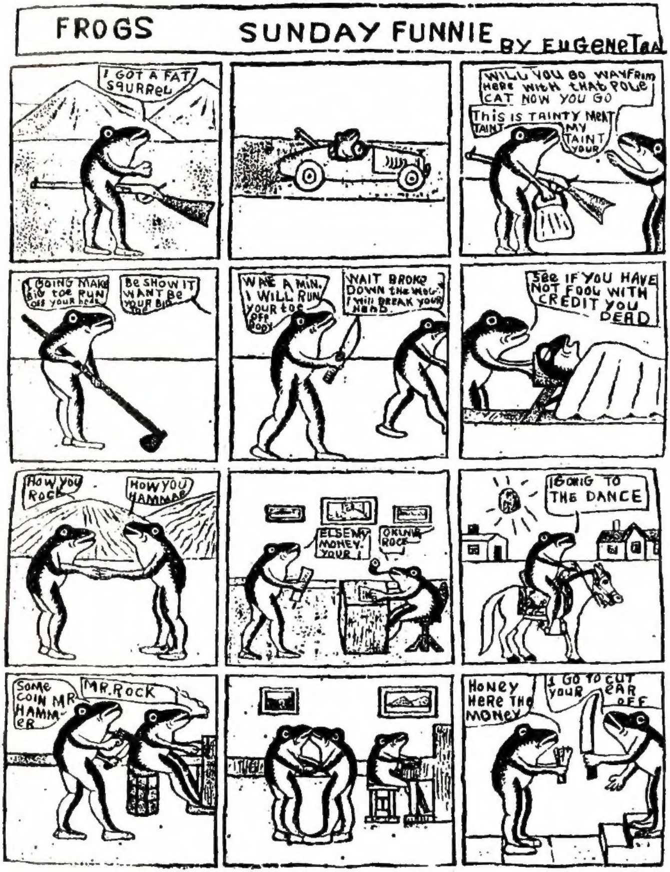
All-One-In-Dobbs,

Rev Stang
Dr. Drummond

"I AM THE ONE."
ARE YOU GAME? WELL, NO MATTER GRAB 'EM!!

$1 each for SubGenius Pamphlets No. 1

The Church of the SubGenius
P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, TX 75214
USA


FROGS SUNDAY FUNNIE BY EUGENE TEAL
I GOT A FAT SQURREL
WILL YOU GO WAY FROM HERE WITH THAT POLE CAT NOW YOU GO
This IS TAINTY MEAT TAINT
MY TAINT YOUR
I GOING MAKE BIG toe RUN off your head
Be SHOW IT WANT Be YOUR BIG toe
WAIT A MIN. I WILL RUN YOUR toe off BODY
WAIT BROKE DOWN the WOOD I will BREAK YOUR HEAD.
See IF YOU HAVE NOT FOOL WITH CREDIT YOU DEAD
How you Rock
HOW YOU HAMMAR
ELSE MY MONEY. YOUR
OK UNIR ROCK
I GOING TO THE DANCE
Some COIN MR HAMMER
MR.ROCK
Honey Here The MONEY
I GO TO CUT YOUR EAR OFF

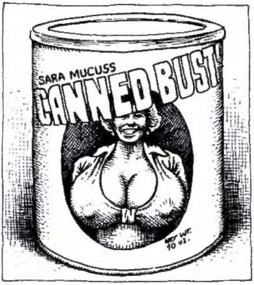
BY EUGENE TEAL

THIS COMIC STRIP BY THE LEGENDARY EUGENE TEAL IS A XEROX OF A XEROX OF A XEROX, GIVEN, SO THE STORY GOES, TO CARTOONIST ROGER BRAND WHILE RIDING A BUS IN DOWNTOWN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, BY MR. TEAL HIMSELF, WHO WAS DESCRIBED AS AN ELDERLY BLACK MAN. THIS WAS IN AROUND 1975. MANY SMALL STORES IN THE BLACK SECTION OF OAKLAND HAVE SIGNS DRAWN AND SIGNED BY EUGENE TEAL. THIS STRIP SUPPOSEDLY APPEARED MANY YEARS AGO IN AN OBSCURE BLACK NEWSPAPER IN OAKLAND. NO OTHER COMIC STRIPS BY HIM HAVE SO FAR BEEN LOCATED, AND MR. TEAL'S PRESENT WHEREABOUTS IS UNKNOWN.

—R. CRUMB

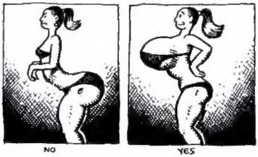
Don't be fooled by bust builders that build big butts!!

By Sara Mucuss, Inventor of Canned Busts



In the last year many, many women have ordered Sara Mucuss Canned Busts and I've recieved thousands of letters telling me of the fantastic big busts that have been achieved. If you took all these big busts and lined them up side by side, they would reach all the way from New York to Los Angeles and back again. Can you believe that?

In reading these letters, I've noticed that most of the gals mention to me, Sara Mucuss, that they had previously used other bust-builders in the past, before they turned in desperation to my Canned Busts. And


NO YES

what did they get from these other so-called bust enlargement programs? Alot of these gals were saying in their letters that they were horrified to find that, instead of developing the busts and increasing cup-size, these other bust-building schemes were, in reality, expanding their butts! Their rear-ends were sticking out more and more each day! Some butts got so big they were bumping into things and knocking over furniture. The butts were tearing out of their jeans, skirts, pants, etc. These gals were becoming alarmed, frightened. And, meanwhile, the actual busts themselves had remained the same. With Sara Mucuss Canned Busts, however, they started rapidly changing cup-size, and going from A or B size cups to C and D size cups. Some were even going all the way from A cup to a D cup, or even a whopping triple E cup! Now that's one whale of set of cups!

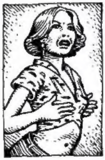
The more letters I read, the more interested I became in how the heck these gosh-darned kooky bust-builders the gals had used before discovering Sara Mucuss Canned Busts, how in the heck they ended up with these over-sized butts instead of what they were trying to build up. And who wants a great big ugly thing like that! What good is it? Maybe if you were a gal living in France, or Mexico, where they like big butts, it would be one thing, but not in this country! Here, people only laugh at it behind your back. You can't buy any fashionable clothes to fit over it. Who needs it!?

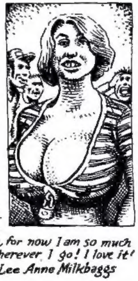
Then I began to read some of the advertisements for these so-called bust-builders and found out that they never even mentioned anything about cup-size! Not one word! Who are they trying to kid??

The Sara Mucuss Canned Busts is designed to give results in the bust, not the butt!

You see, most of these so-called bust-building scams involve some form of exhausting exercise. That's how all those poor gals were getting those enormous butts, with no improvement in the busts. But Sara Mucuss Canned Busts is a delicious drink containing all sorts of proteins and amino acids and other neat stuff. All the major experts report that the busts need these things. Further studies indicate that if you don't start using Sara Mucuss Canned Busts, your busts may actually shrivel up and look like a couple of withered, empty sacks! Ew! Who'd want to stay married to a gal like that?!

I was inspired to invent my secret bust building formula by observing cows. I asked myself, "How do those creatures get such huge bags on them? It must be something they eat!" So I set about working it out. I experimented on myself. In two weeks my cup-size just went all haywire! From 34A to 39D! My husband really started to sit up and take notice. He couldn't believe his own eyes! I mean, he was really STANDING RIGHT UP THERE and





"In less than 15 days my busts went from puny, insignificant buds to the size of a couple of basketballs! I was dumbfounded, but happy, for now I am so much admired by men wherever I go! I love it!
--- Lee Anne Milkbaggs

taking notice! You gals know what I mean. Let's face facts. Let's call a spade a spade. The American Male is a sucker for big busts. You can't change it. Why fight it? You might as well order some Canned Busts right now and treat yourself to a set of "knockers" (busts, that is) that will keep your guy on the leash!

Sara Mucuss

Sara Mucuss
Call Toll Free

1-800-555-1212 Ext. 121 Dept. 2121, or 212, or um

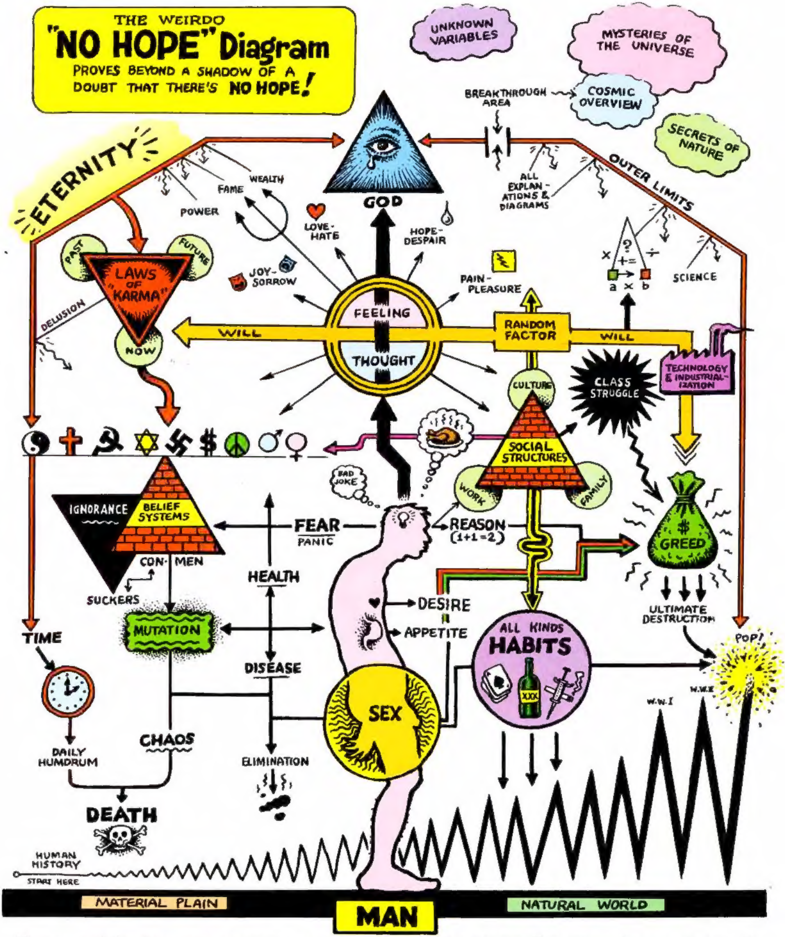
If your boyfriend or husband is not completely satisfied with the results within 14 days, you may return the unused portion and recieve your money back. If you wish to charge your Canned Busts on your charge card, you save C.O.D. Charge. Please give the operator the information to meet your requirements. The operator will explain it to you in easy-to-grasp language.

☐ 30 day supply $9.95 plus 2.50 postage, plus $3.00 handling plus $2.00 C.O.D. charge, plus $3.25 service charges and possibly other minor fees which the operator will explain to you.

☐ 60 day supply for gals who really mean business about bust building. $18.50 plus various charges. It's nothing, really, when you consider what big, fine busts you're getting out of the deal!

Indicate Flavor Desired:
☐ Alfalfa ☐ Wild Grass Cud

ALL ORDERS ARE SENT IN PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER TO MAKE SURE EACH AND EVERY CUSTOMER IS SPARED THE HUMILIATION OF HAVING TO FACE A SNICKERING POSTAL EMPLOYEE. ALSO, BE SURE TO HIDE YOUR CANNED BUSTS CAN IN A PLACE WHERE NOBODY CAN FIND IT AND MAKE FUN OF YOUR EFFORTS TO BUILD UP YOUR BUSTS.


THE WEIRDO
"NO HOPE" Diagram
PROVES BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT THERE'S NO HOPE!
UNKNOWN VARIABLES
MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE
BREAKTHROUGH AREA
COSMIC OVERVIEW
SECRETS OF NATURE
ETERNITY
OUTER LIMITS
ALL EXPLANATIONS & DIAGRAMS
GOD
WEALTH
FAME
POWER
LOVE-HATE
HOPE-DESPAIR
JOY-SORROW
PAIN-PLEASURE
SCIENCE
a × b
PAST
FUTURE
LAWS OF "KARMA"
NOW
DELUSION
FEELING
THOUGHT
WILL
RANDOM FACTOR
WILL
CULTURE
CLASS STRUGGLE
TECHNOLOGY & INDUSTRIALIZATION
SOCIAL STRUCTURES
WORK
FAMILY
BAD JOKE
IGNORANCE
BELIEF SYSTEMS
CON-MEN
SUCKERS
FEAR
PANIC
REASON (1+1=2)
GREED
HEALTH
MUTATION
DESIRE
APPETITE
ALL KINDS HABITS
XXX
ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION
POP!
W.W. I
W.W. II
TIME
DISEASE
SEX
CHAOS
DAILY HUMDRUM
ELIMINATION
DEATH
HUMAN HISTORY
START HERE
MATERIAL PLAIN
MAN
NATURAL WORLD

The purpose of this diagram is not to be mean, not to be a bringdown. We're not trying to make sensitive little girls depressed. The purpose of this diagram is to convince you earnestly and in all sincerity that there is NO HOPE so that you will be transformed by the cold, hard truth. Once you accept the reality of NO HOPE you can begin to approach your life in a new way. Now you can take your head out of the clouds, quit looking to some illusion of a perfect future and start living in the present. Knowing that there is, in fact, NO HOPE, and feeling this great realization with your whole being will slam you back to the real world like you've never been before. Come on! You can handle it!

A ~Cclay~
Scan